

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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BRIGHT STILL BRIGHTER.

Bravo, John Bright, Bravo once and again!

You were always a trump in your way —
For all the hard knocks that from *Punch* you
have ta'en,

Your Bobadil bounce and your Drawcansir
strain,

That set down all for fools who were not in the
vein

To see with *your* eyes what to you was quite
plain,

And drove you to charge your opponents
a-main,

Or a-muck, like a Quaker Malay!

What you lacked was awhile the cold douche to
enjoy,

That on high-heated hopes Office throws :
To learn, that as gold, ere 'tis coined, needs al-
loy,

So they who'd spread truth with least fret and
annoy

Must oft some amalgam of error employ :

That to bear with the folly we wish to destroy,

Is the way to graft wisdom on man or on boy,

To make hindrances helps, friends of foes.

And these lessons you're learning, I'm happy to
see,

From your Birmingham speech, my dear
JOHN;

You own there *are* shoals that when close on
our lee,

Seem to tax skill and courage in higher degree,

Than when they rose out of the future's far sea :

That who differ in means yet on ends may agree,

And that compromise cowardice need not to be,

But oft points us the right course to con.

You've learnt caution and measure, and reti-
cence too —

For which lessons you've Office to thank —

To warn folks against expectations undue;

That in politics four is oft *not* two and two.

That the road we prefer we can't always pur-
sue;

That there's many a slip 'twixt to will and to
do;

That indirect words must not needs be untrue,

And that all rogues and fools aren't of rank.

And, last lesson and best, you have learned and
you teach

That, let Governments do what they can,

The hardest and largest Reform, is what each,

Of the millions of England can *do*, and not
preach :

For himself and his household, to guard every
breach

Through which Satan the fortress of Man's-soul
doth reach —

Be it ignorance, sottishness, foul act or speech,
That to level of brute lowers man.

By such means could'st *thou* our waste classes
reclaim,

What a place in our annals were thine !

A name written high above every name

By history set in the blazon of fame;

For the partizan hubbub of blessing and blame,

The thanks of a nation, uplifted from shame,

The wild beasts of our cities made gentle and
tame,

And the Cross, from our Shame, grown
our Sign !

Punch.

From The N. Y. Evening Post.

A SEQUEL TO THE "MORTE D'ARTHUR."

I.

"ARTHUR is come again !"

(*Vide* your Tennyson).

Let us extend to him,

Welcome and benison !

Treat him to canvass-back,

Terrapin, venison —

Ne'er shall Victoria

Twit us that any son

Born "in the purple," has met with neglect,
From a nation that holds her in honest respect.

II.

"Arthur is come again !"

Never a girl in

Our jubilant city

But dreams of a whirl in

The arms of the hero,

Whose coming, old Merlin

Predicted as certain,

(Though, whether at Berlin,

Or Paris, or Gotham, he didn't define,)

And a smile from "the Prince," as he passes
the wine.

III.

"Arthur is come again"

List to old Trinity.

What a clear case of

Elective affinity!

Soon as he reaches

That fane of divinity,

Even before he has

Set his foot in it, he

Hears the loud anthem of "God Save the Queen."

And finds, though it's Sunday, he's in for a
scene.

IV.

"Arthur is come again !"

Good! let him come!

At our simple "Round Table"

There's plenty of room.

If (by chance) in his pocket,

He happens to hold

What the thief "Alabama"

Has cost us *in gold*,

We'll forget we're republicans : yes, and I ween
We'll all join in the chorus of "God save the
Queen!"

Flushing Bay, February 3, 1870.

F. R. S.

From The Edinburgh Review.

MR. FROUDE'S HISTORY OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.*

THE longer we travel in the company of Mr. Froude, the more unwilling we are to part from him, and we learn with regret from the concluding pages of these volumes that he has relinquished his original intention of carrying on the narrative to the death of Elizabeth. The execution of Mary Queen of Scots and the destruction of the Spanish Armada are the two great events which terminated the struggle for the independence of the crown of England against its internal and its external enemies; and Mr. Froude regards this catastrophe as the appropriate termination of his work. Much indeed remains to be told of heroic interest and of imperial splendour. A history of the reign of Elizabeth, in which the great names of Coke and Bacon, Essex and Raleigh, Spenser and Shakspeare, find no place, is necessarily but a fragment. But Mr. Froude's view of history is tragic rather than epic. He traces the course of an idea, rather than the course of events. He took up the tale of England's greatness at that period of the reign of Henry VIII. when the king, moved by passion, by the ardent desire of an heir, and by the spirit of the Reformation, broke with Rome, divorced his queen, and flew to new and most unhappy nuptials. From that moment the cause of the Reformation and of the crown in England became one. The independence of the nation was at stake; and a struggle commenced which severed this country from the politics of continental Europe, and at length, by its success, established the power and greatness of the English monarchy. That term of fifty years' duration is, therefore, the most momentous period of our annals. It was marked by the most extraordinary vicissitudes of good and evil fortune, by crimes and intrigues of matchless intricacy, by innumerable acts of violence, by foreign and domestic wars; but it was crowned by final success, and when that consummation was reached by the total overthrow of the designs of Spain and of the Catholic party, the dramatic in-

terest of the Tudor dynasty may be said to end.

This we conceive to be the proper theme of Mr. Froude's work; and although it does not square with the ordinary divisions of historical time, it wants nothing in completeness to make it one of the most striking historical records in the language. With this object in view, Mr. Froude has worked upon the vast materials, which his industry has collected or brought to light from the archives of past ages and foreign countries, with consummate art. He unravels the plots of conspirators and cabinets with infinite patience and ingenuity. Every trait of character, every incident of fortune, finds a place on his canvas. His labour reminds us of a weaver in tapestry, who produces a work of art by combining innumerable colours on the wrong side (as it is termed) of the picture; it is not till we have the whole result before us that we can judge of the skill with which the general effect is created. Not a hue is obscured, not a touch is wasted, and at last we find ourselves in face of a grand delineation of an historic pageant which produces on the mind the impression of life.

Mr. Froude nowhere claims the merit of judicial impartiality, nor does he care to weigh evidence in the calm and even scales which determine the value of conflicting testimonies and contested facts. He is himself carried away by the passions of the age he is describing as strongly as if he had lived in it. He rushes to his conclusions, not by argument, but by intuition. His object appears to be to produce the strongest possible effect by an art not dissimilar from that of a great dramatist. The personages who figure in this history are invariably presented to the reader in the form they have assumed in Mr. Froude's own conception of them — their virtues are heightened, their crimes are palliated, their acts are justified or condemned by the strong light he throws upon the stage. He cares not to apply to them any rigorous objective standard or rule of right and wrong, of justice and injustice; they appear to him as actors in the great plot of human affairs destined to achieve a given object, and he remains indifferent to the means by which it is accomplished. At the end of all, he

* *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada.* By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A. Reign of Elizabeth. Vols. V. and VI. London: 1870.

sees before him on the one hand the glorious spectacle of a free and powerful nation, crushing its enemies, vindicating its laws, and establishing for ever the cause of liberty in the world — on the other hand, the dark and sanguinary agents of Rome and of Spain, more hateful for the cause they were vainly endeavouring to defend than for the crimes committed in defence of it. His choice from the first page to the last is made. His sympathies are declared. It would cost him as much to acknowledge the virtues of an enemy, or to shed one drop of compassion over his merited fate, as it would to admit that even the good cause was often served by unrighteous and oppressive means.

It is a remarkable indication of the absorbing interest felt by Mr. Froude in the great conflict of the age, that he never in these volumes so much as adverts to the internal administration of England during the reign of Elizabeth, nor does he notice any of the laws or events of the time unconnected with the plot of his drama. Thus we find but a passing allusion to the Parliament of 1586, and no allusion to the manly conduct of Mr. Wentworth in that assembly, no unworthy precursor of the patriotic commoners of the next century. The omission is to be regretted, and the more so, as in his former volumes Mr. Froude had paid especial attention to the condition of the people and the progress of liberty in the House of Commons. Nor was this a matter foreign to his subject. The real strength of Elizabeth lay in the faithful allegiance and general contentment of her English subjects. The social insurrections which had marked the preceding reigns entirely ceased. The law was enforced with ease and regularity. The taxation of the country was light; the policy of the reign was pacific; and, except the divisions caused by differences of religion, England was never more united or more attached to the crown. But Mr. Froude prefers to pass lightly over these tame and unexciting portions of his subject; and he reserves his strength for those scenes which he describes with so much eloquence and power.

We have had occasion, in criticising the former volumes of this history, to point out the consequences of this impassioned style

of writing. It renders Mr. Froude bold to paradox and pitiless to severity. In his eyes, Henry VIII., stained by a thousand acts of brutality, avarice, and lust, becomes the "Sun of the Reformation," and Acts of Parliament dictated by every excess of despotic will are made to plead the cause of the founder of a power nursed by the Tudors into greatness. In his eyes, again, Mary Stuart, the nursing of the Court of France and the martyr of the Catholic creed, becomes the most wanton, wicked, false, and cruel of her species — a panther in human form, with the passions of an animal and the subtlety of a devil. With the tools and instruments of the false creed and the bad cause Mr. Froude wages internecine war. He is not unwilling that their infernal secrets should be torn from them by the rack, and that they should expiate their crimes by being cut down before the hangman's office was done, and disembowelled half alive before the people. Let us take the following examples. In December 1580 seven or eight young priests were arrested, and required to denounce the Catholic gentlemen at whose houses they had been received. They refused, and "it was thought just and necessary to use other means to force them to speak."

"The Tower rack stood in the long vaulted dungeon below the armoury. Under a warrant signed by six of the Council, and in the presence of the Lieutenant, whose duty was to direct and moderate the application of the pains, they were laid at various times, and more than once, as they could bear it, upon the frame, the Commissioners sitting at their side and repeating their questions in the intervals of the winding of the winch. A practice which by the law was always forbidden could be palliated only by a danger so great that the nation had become like an army in the field. It was repudiated on the return of calmer times, and the employment of it rests as a stain on the memory of those by whom it was used. It is none the less certain, however, that the danger was real and terrible, and the same causes which relieve a commander in active service from the restraints of the common law, apply to the conduct of statesmen who are dealing with organized treason. The law is made for the nation, not the nation for the law. Those who transgress do it at their own risk, but they may plead circumstances at

the bar of history, and have a right to be heard." (Vol. v. p. 327.)

And then follow some of the vile excuses employed by Walsingham's agents to justify their lawless barbarity.

Again, in describing the execution of Babington and his associates, Mr. Froude states that "they were all hanged but for a moment, according to the letter of the sentence, *taken down while the susceptibility of agony was unimpaired, and cut in pieces afterwards, with due precautions for the protraction of the pain.*" This abominable atrocity elicits from Mr. Froude the following remarks:—"If it were to be taken as part of the Catholic creed that to kill a prince in the interests of the Holy Church was an act of piety and merit, *stern English common sense caught the readiest means of expressing its opinion both of the creed and its professors.*" We should blush for English common sense if to hack living men in pieces had ever been a practice approved by the English people. But the charge as regards the nation is happily unfounded. It was Elizabeth herself who had, in a paroxysm of revenge and terror, required that the execution of Babington and his confederates should be carried into effect with circumstances of peculiar cruelty. Mr. Froude says, "Elizabeth forbade a repetition of the scene on the following day." The truth is that the bloody spectacle had so strongly excited the disgust of the people that it was thought unsafe to repeat it.

One more example of this fierce disposition of an historian who is otherwise in all things the most humane and amiable of men, and we have done with this unpleasant part of our task. Our readers may imagine with what fervour and skill Mr. Froude repeats the oft-told tale of the execution of Mary Stuart. It is the counterpart of his celebrated description of the murder at Kirk o' field; nor does the spectacle of that tremendous passion, borne, as he admits, with a majestic dignity and faith not unworthy of the martyr's crown, elicit from him one line of compassion or regret. The associations awakened in the mind of Mr. Froude by this scene are those of the stage. "It was the most brilliant acting throughout." But there is one touch in this passage peculiarly his own. Queen Mary, as

is well known, was not allowed in that supreme hour of her fate to have access to her chaplain and confessor. The last sacraments of her Church were denied her. As she approached the block "she kissed Melville, and turning, asked for her chaplain Du Preau. He was not present. *There had been a fear of some religious melodrama which it was thought well to avoid.*" When it is remembered what the office of the Catholic priest is to the departing soul, we cannot call to mind any sentence more pregnant with a painful meaning than this is.

"*Vae victis*" might be the motto of Mr. Froude's history, as it is of all the writers of the school of Mr. Carlyle. The chivalrous sympathy for weakness and sorrow, which holds that great sufferings may mitigate the judgment of history on great offences, finds no favour in their eyes. Mr. Froude's opinion of the execution of Mary Stuart is simply that "the political wisdom of a critical and difficult act has never in the world's history been more signally justified." Be it so, if he will. Let all mercy, forbearance, kindness, and moderation be blown to the winds. Let every one have their deserts, and the fight be fought out by these poor half-blind mortals to the bitter end. But if these things are to be done with impunity on the one side, are they to be condemned without appeal on the other? Mr. Froude does not appear to remember that the same contempt of the rights of humanity, the same unrelenting intolerance of the adverse cause, was precisely the plea used by Philip II. and the Spanish inquisitors to justify their barbarous policy, their secret assassinations, their judicial murders, and their sanguinary wars. They, too, were sincere. They, too, held that no faith was to be kept and no measure observed in dealing with the heretic. However else they might differ, both parties in this fierce struggle agreed in this, that no falsehood was too base, no artifice too subtle, no act of authority too sanguinary to be used against their respective enemies. There is some inconsistency in judging the crimes of one party with so much severity, and of the other with so much forbearance.

For ourselves, we confess that we feel more confidence in writers less highly gifted with dramatic power, who judge men by

their motives, rather than by their success. Weighed by the eternal laws of truth, humanity, and tolerance, both parties must be equally condemned; and we are not disposed to extenuate their guilt, either by contrasting it with that of their respective antagonists, or by exulting in the successful termination of their policy. But no doubt Mr. Froude has caught in a very high degree the spirit of the present age. He presents the narrative of these events in a form pre-eminently calculated to excite interest, to rouse sympathy, and to revive the passions of the times in which they occurred. And he deserves the highest credit for the minuteness and extent of his researches, which have enabled him to add a large amount of detail to the record of events which have been incessantly canvassed for the last three hundred years. Upon the whole, we think these volumes are the most successful and elaborate portion of his whole work, with the exception of the volume devoted to Edward VI. and Queen Mary, which we still regard as his masterpiece. The difficulties of historical composition are enormously increased by the profuse disclosures of contemporary evidence which have recently taken place. To hunt down a fact amidst the intricacies of diplomatic correspondence, between agents, who were as often employed in concealing the truth as in imparting it, is no easy task; and there is a perpetual danger of being misled by apparent discoveries, which more complete investigation shows to be delusions. In those portions of this history which concern the trial and execution of Mary Stuart and the Spanish Armada, Mr. Froude has been to a considerable extent anticipated by the researches of Mr. Tytler for his history of Scotland, and of Mr. Motley for his history of the United Provinces. These were the crowning incidents of a conflict of twenty years' duration; but the infinite details of that protracted struggle have never before been investigated with the minuteness, or combined with the skill, which Mr. Froude has brought to bear upon them.

The person and the figure of Queen Elizabeth are, as might be expected, the most prominent and striking objects in these volumes. Mr. Froude has drawn the Queen, as she is still represented in some of the fanciful portraits of her time, without shadow and, we might add, without a veil. However severe he may be to those personages who are opposed to his own political creed, he has not treated the worst of them more harshly than he has treated Elizabeth. The result is that whilst he is an ardent advocate of her cause, and triumphs in her

success, every page, every line of these volumes seems written to show how ill she deserved it. He denies her political ability, by showing that on every occasion the lesser and meaner motive outweighed the public and generous end; so that opportunities without number were allowed to slip by which, fitly used, would have relieved her at once from her difficulties and made her the greatest Princess in Europe. He denies her Protestantism, maintaining that all her own sympathies were with the old religion; that she preferred to be surrounded by Catholics, in spite of their never-ending conspiracies against her; that she refused or neglected to put the laws in force against them; that she scorned and abhorred the Church of England and her own bishops; and that the only tie which bound her to the Reformation was that of her own birth. To deny the lawfulness of her father's divorce from Catherine and the Church, was to bastardize herself. On the great questions of religion the Queen is believed by Mr. Froude to have been purely indifferent: "despising fanatics, Puritan or Papists, with Erasmian heartiness;" content "with outward order and conformity, with liberty to every man to think in private as he pleased;" altogether free from dogmatic preferences and convictions, and cherishing in fact a theory of absolute toleration and indifference which was "two centuries before its time." This view of the Queen's policy and opinions is, the reader will observe, to a great extent a novel one.

Of her personal character Mr. Froude has drawn a frightful picture, but one which we fear is less open to controversy. "Sir Francis Walsingham," he says, "not once only, but at every trying crisis of her life, had to describe her conduct as 'dishonourable and dangerous;' dishonourable, because she never hesitated to break a promise when to keep it was inconvenient; and dangerous, from the universal distrust which she had inspired in those who had once relied upon her." Her reign and her life were one long tissue of deceit, practised alike on her friends and on her foes. She never had an ally whom she did not abandon or betray in the hour of need; she never had an enemy whom she did not seek to cajole rather than to brave. "Todo," said Philip II., "es embuste y entretenimiento."

No sovereign was ever served by wiser or more devoted Ministers; no Ministers were ever used with more ingratitude, avarice, and deceit by their sovereign. Yet men like Cecil, Walsingham, Paulet, and Drake would have risked not only their lives, but their souls in her service; while she gave

at least an equal share of her confidence and favour to creatures like the hireling Crofts, who betrayed every secret of the Court to his employer the Spanish Ambassador, or the fop Hatton—a butterfly of the presence-chamber. The ladies of her household were friends of Mary and sometimes pensioners of Spain.

Oddly enough, Queen Elizabeth enjoys in popular estimation the glory and the fame of having done precisely what she refused to do. She might have placed herself at the head of a Protestant League of invincible power in Europe—she might by a small effort have terminated the contest in the Low Countries—she might at one time have turned the scale in favour of the Protestants of France—she might have given an immediate ascendancy to the Kirk of Scotland and its champions, which would have decided the vacillating character of James and fitted him to be her declared successor on the English throne—she might as Queen of England have encountered and defeated the fleets of Spain on the ocean and in either hemisphere, as in fact they were encountered by the private adventurers, who slipped away from her shores, and brought back with them, almost unawares, the treasures of the New World and the maritime supremacy of England. During great part of her reign, and in the crisis of her fate, her own safety and the existence of the kingdom depended on its naval power, and in Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher, Elizabeth had the best seamen in the world. Yet nothing was done to support the fleet. The navy did not exist as a profession. The entire force of the Queen's ships in 1588 consisted of thirteen ships of 400 tons, and of only thirty-eight vessels, including pinnaces, carrying the Queen's flag. The sailors who defeated the Armada were famished for want of rations, killed by sour beer, which the Queen compelled them to drink, and sent to sea with so little ammunition that they depended to serve their guns on what they took from the enemy. Even after the victory, the base and nigardly conduct of the Queen broke the hearts of her captains, and ruined in fortune the men who had equipped and commanded the fleet. Not a dollar would she spend, not a jewel would she part with, though the fate of her crown and kingdom depended on the sacrifice.

In point of fact not one of these things was done by Elizabeth, although the opportunities of action continually forced themselves upon her. Some of these results were actually accomplished—but without her countenance, and perhaps against her

wishes. That which indeed was the darling object of her heart and of her policy was to avoid an open rupture with Philip, to remain at least nominally at peace with Spain, and to escape the charges and perils of open war, even though private war was incessantly carried on between the subjects of the two Crowns. In this peculiar respect the policy of Philip resembled her own. A Spanish expedition with a banner blessed by the Pope landed on the western coast of Ireland—abandoned and disavowed by the King of Spain, they were surrounded, captured, and executed, every man of them, as pirates. English volunteers in large numbers served under Orange in the Low Countries: it is true, some Catholic Englishmen were to be found serving on the other side. The crews of English merchantmen were carried off to the dungeons of the Inquisition on the charge of introducing the book of Common Prayer into Spain. Drake swept the ocean, pillaged Lima and Cartagena, and brought home the treasures of an empire in the hold of a smack. Every species of clandestine hostility was carried on by both parties. No redress was ever afforded though often asked, by either of them. Mendoza, the Spanish ambassador, remained at the Court of England during the whole period, although it was notorious that he was the centre of countless plots, some aimed at the Queen's life. The British ambassador sent to Madrid had, on the contrary, been received with insult and compelled to depart. This strange situation lasted for upwards of twenty years. During the whole of this time peace was in name preserved—peace above all with Spain—and Elizabeth was satisfied. It was not until the Spanish Armada had entered the Channel that war could be said to be declared. A sovereign of true determination and energy would not have endured to lead a life of practices and fetches, served by spies, encompassed by conspiracies, when a single bold stroke would have shattered the spell and delivered her from bondage. According to Mr. Froude, Elizabeth entirely lacked that energy and determination. He represents her as vacillating and irresolute whenever a great decision was to be taken—credulous when a lure was offered to her avarice or her hopes of peace—covetous whenever it was possible to increase her private hoards of jewels and of gold, and reluctant to give out a stiver of this accumulated wealth to save her soldiers from want, or to enable her servants to execute her orders, which they were frequently compelled to do at their own cost. The only virtue popularly ascribed to Queen

Elizabeth, which Mr. Froude does not contest, is her undaunted courage; but even her courage arose rather from an apparent insensibility to danger than from the resolution to meet it. When danger arrived all was confusion and hesitation. Nothing was done to-day that could be done to-morrow. And we are more inclined to wonder at the amazing good fortune which dissipated so many conspiracies and perils, than at her own dauntless bravery in face of them. To this quality Mr. Froude adds others with which Elizabeth has not before been credited. He ascribes to her "a constant personal desire for moderation and forbearance"—a spirit of toleration foreign alike to her age and her position—a readiness to forget injuries and "lack of gall"—and a determination to "make men loyal in spite of themselves by persistently trusting them." We shall have occasion to discuss some of the instances given by Mr. Froude of these mild and gentle qualities; but for the present we can only say that we have failed to discover them in any passage of her life. In another place he has more accurately described her, when he says, "she talked of mercy, and she made violence inevitable."

One of her peculiarities was her eagerness to shift upon others the blame which properly attached to her own mistakes. Mr. Froude stretches a point to assimilate this artifice to the non-responsibility of the Sovereign under a limited constitution. "The principle," he says, "is inherent in the conditions of a limited monarchy, it was latent before it was avowed; and Elizabeth anticipating awkwardly the authorized theory of a later age, permitted measures to be taken which the safety of the State rendered necessary, which at the same time she declared loudly, and often without hypocrisy, not to be her own." We can admit of no such plea of incompetence in favour of Elizabeth. If ever there was a sovereign whose will was law paramount, and who treated with scorn every attempt to direct or control it, she was that sovereign; and in the attempt to exonerate her, at the expense of her Ministers, we should commit the supreme injustice of holding them responsible for measures they opposed but were unable to resist.

The doctrine of the Tudors was not that of ministerial responsibility, but of implicit obedience; and no statesman would have served Elizabeth long, or lived long to serve her, who presumed to thwart her will, or even to resist her ever-varying caprices. On these terms alone, Cecil and Walsingham held office; and they knew it.

But if the Queen is to be held responsible for the crimes and errors committed in her name, so also she is entitled to a higher degree of praise than Mr. Froude is disposed to award to her successes. If she had been no more than the prevaricating hypocrite whom he describes, those successes would have been impossible, for she would present the incredible example of a woman, disfigured by the most odious and contemptible qualities, who reigned nevertheless for half a century, to be enshrined in the grateful memory of her people and feared by the rest of the world. We agree therefore rather with the larger view of her character taken by Lord Macaulay in the pages of this Journal when he said, "Yet surely she was a great woman. Of all the sovereigns who exercised a power, which was seemingly absolute, but which in fact depended for support on the love and confidence of her subjects, she was by far the most illustrious. It was not by looking at the particular measures which Elizabeth had adopted, but by looking at the general principles of her government, that those who followed her were likely to learn the art of managing intractable subjects. Firm, haughty—sometimes cruel and unjust in her proceedings towards individuals and towards small parties—she avoided with care, or retracted with speed, any measure which seemed likely to alienate the great mass of the people." With that fine instinct of the national will and the national interest which is the most rare and precious quality of great rulers of men, her heart beat in unison with the heart of England; and even her personal weaknesses never weakened her hold on the country.

Mr. Froude takes a far lower view of her character; but he describes in the following striking passage the perils, which in the year 1580 surrounded her throne:—

"Incurably convinced of her own supreme intelligence she would take no more of Cecil's counsel than such fragments as necessity enforced upon her, and these fragments, backed by the energy of a splendid nation, carried England, and Elizabeth with it, clear at last of the threatening breakers. The calamities of unprosperous reigns are charged upon sovereigns; and sovereigns therefore, it is but just, should be credited with their people's successes; but the personal contribution of Elizabeth to the final victory of Protestantism, was but in yielding at last to a stream which she had struggled against for thirty years. She believed in kings and she possessed skill to hoodwink kings less able than herself; but there was a volcanic energy in Europe, as she was about to feel, beyond the reach of her diplomacy, passions deep as the hell which the Popes mistook for heaven, which were

proof against paltry artifices, and could be encountered only with other passions preternatural as themselves. Philip might 'loiter in the ford' or halt upon his foot of lead. The Valois Princes and their mother might play with Huguenot and Papist, and fish for fortune or safety in the troubled waters; but the European Catholics were no longer to be trifled with.

"Acute as Cecil was, he did not see the precise form in which the danger was approaching. He expected political coalitions; he had to encounter an invisible influence stealing into the heart of the realm; a power which, when it took earthly form, appeared in the shape of pale ascetics armed but with their breviaries, yet more terrible than the galleons of Philip, or the threatened legions of the Duke of Guise. England was considered on the continent to be the heart of heresy. It was in England that French, Flemings, Germans, Italians, Spaniards, fugitives for religion, found home and shelter. It was in England that the patriot armies recruited themselves; and the English Protestant congregations supplied the money that supported them. So long as England was unconquered, the Reformation was felt to be unconquerable, and it was the more exasperating because the English Catholics believed that, had they received the smallest practical assistance at Elizabeth's accession, they could have compelled her to remain in the Roman communion. Every year that had been allowed to pass had made recovery more difficult. Of the Catholic nobles some were dead, some were landless fugitives. The creed survived as a tradition, but the exercise of it was dying out. The more impetuous of the priests had gone abroad. Many had conformed; many had adhered to the faith, and said mass with the connivance of the Government in private houses. But they were dropping off, and the vacancies were not replenished. The old ceremonial was not yet forgotten, but was more and more faintly remembered. The longer the invasion was delayed the fainter the support which could be looked for in England itself, and the refugees, sick of pleading with Philip, had appealed with more success to the Pope and the Church. A new and passionate impulse had been given to the Catholic creed by St. Teresa and Ignatius Loyola. The Carmelite and Jesuit orders had revived something of the fervour of ancient Christendom, and personal and family ambition came to the help of religious enthusiasm. The Guises, as the leaders of the French Catholic aristocracy, intended, if the house of Valois failed, to snatch the crown from heretic Bourbons. The Guises' chance of success would be multiplied a hundred fold if they could revolutionize England in the interests of Mary Stuart; while the singular fortune of that world-famed lady, her wild story, her exile, her imprisonment, her constancy to the faith of which she was the supposed martyr, set on fire the imaginations of half the youths in Europe. Philip it seemed would do nothing till the ground had first been broken by others. Well then, others should break it. The refugees at Rheims were

in the closest intercourse with Guise. Sanders and many others of them were for ever on the road between Brussels, Paris, Madrid, and the Vatican. A beginning had been made in Scotland. It had failed, but it could be attempted again, and the secret Catholic correspondence of the time revealed henceforward a connected and organized scheme, in which many different constituents were part of a single movement, the last issue of which was to be the entrance of the Duke of Guise into England over the Scotch Border." (Vol. v. pp. 167-9.)

The triple attack thus directed against her was marked by the successful efforts of the Guises to secure their ascendancy in Scotland over the mind of the youthful James, in which they were marvellously served by the influence and intrigues of Esmé d'Aubigny, afterwards Duke of Lennox, which cost the Regent Morton his life; by an incursion of Popish priests and Spanish and Italian adventurers on the coast of Ireland; and by a systematic attempt of the Jesuits to reconquer England to the Catholic faith.

No English historian has written of Ireland and the Irish in a more kindly and sympathizing spirit than Mr. Froude. He evidently likes that country and loves its warm-hearted inhabitants. Accordingly many of his most glowing pages are devoted to the wrongs of that unhappy people, and he denounces them with a severity he does not always inflict on deeds of bloodshed. In 1575 the Earl of Essex was reluctantly engaged in the harassing and cruel work of crushing Irish disturbances. He did his task with the same species of unrelenting indifference to life which has been exhibited in our own days by French commanders against the tribes of Kabylia, and may have been shown against insurgent Sepoys or New Zealand savages — a detestable service detestably performed, which leads men to forget that their enemies are their fellow-creatures. One scene of this fearful warfare we must extract, for it is a masterpiece of tragic narrative:—

"On the coast of Antrim, not far from the Giant's Causeway, lies the singular island of Rathlin. It is formed of basaltic rock, encircled with precipices, and is accessible only at a single spot. It contains an area of about 4,000 acres, of which a thousand are sheltered and capable of cultivation, the rest being heather and rock. The approach is at all times dangerous; the tide sets fiercely through the strait which divides the island from the mainland, and when the wind is from the west, the Atlantic swell renders it impossible to land. The situation and the difficulty of access had thus long marked Rathlin as a place of refuge for Scotch or Irish fugitives, and besides its natural strength it was respected as

a sanctuary, having been the abode at one time of St. Columba. A mass of broken masonry on a cliff overhanging the sea, is a remnant of the castle, in which Robert Bruce watched the leap of the legendary spider. To this island, when Essex entered Antrim, Macconnell and the other Scots had sent their wives and children, their aged, and their sick for safety. On his way through Carrickfergus, when returning to Dublin, the Earl ascertained that they had not yet been brought back to their homes. The officer in command of the English garrison (it is painful to mention the name either of him or of any man concerned in what ensued) was John Norris, Lord Norris's second son, so famous afterwards in the Low Countries, grandson of Sir Henry Norris executed for adultery with Anne Boleyn. Three small frigates were in the harbour. The summer had been dry, hot, and windless. The sea was smooth; there was a light and favourable air from the east; and Essex directed Norris to take a company of soldiers with him, cross over and kill whatever he could find. The run up the Antrim coast was rapidly and quietly accomplished. Before an alarm could be given the English had landed, close to the ruins of the church which bears St. Columba's name. Bruce's castle was then standing, and was occupied by a score or two of Scots, who were in charge of the women. But Norris had brought cannon with him. The weak defences were speedily destroyed, and after a fierce assault, in which several of the garrison were killed, the chief who was in command offered to surrender, if he and his people were allowed to return to Scotland. The conditions were rejected; the Scots yielded at discretion, and every living creature in the place except the chief and his family, who were probably reserved for ransom, was immediately put to the sword. Two hundred were killed in the castle. It was then discovered that several hundred more, chiefly mothers and their little ones, were hidden in the caves about the shore. There was no remorse, not even the faintest shadow of perception that the occasion called for it. They were hunted out as if they had been seals or otters, and all destroyed. Surleyboy and the other chiefs, Essex coolly wrote, had sent their wives and children into the island, 'which be all taken and executed to the number of six hundred.' Surleyboy himself, he continued, 'stood upon the mainland of the Glynnnes and saw the taking of the island, and was likely to have run mad for sorrow, tearing and tormenting himself, and saying that he there lost all that he ever had.'

"The impression left upon the mind by this horrible story is increased by the composure with which even the news of it was received. 'Yellow-haired Charley' might tear himself for 'his pretty little ones and their dam,' but in Ireland itself the massacre was not specially distinguished in the general system of atrocity. Essex described it himself as one of the exploits with which he was most satisfied, and Elizabeth in answer to his letters bade him tell John Norris,

'the executioner of his well designed enterprise, that she would not be unmindful of his services.' But though passed over and unheeded at the time, and lying buried for three hundred years, the bloody stain comes back to light again, not in myth and legend, but in the original account of the nobleman by whose command the deed was done; and when the history of England's dealings with Ireland settles at last into its final shape, that hunt among the caves at Rathlin will not be forgotten." (Vol. xi. pp. 184-6.)*

There is a ring of hatred in these last words which makes us wish they had not been written. For the welfare of Ireland it is far more to be desired that such deeds as "the hunt among the caves at Rathlin" should be forgotten. If blood is to call for blood, who is to sum up the dreadful account? On which side would the balance lie? We care not to inquire. But certainly, in Mr. Froude's own pages, the most active and treacherous agents of Irish strife are the Irish chieftains themselves. A Desmond and a Geraldine were enemies as fierce as ever Saxon and Celt; and in justice to the Government of Ireland by Elizabeth during this part of her reign, it should be remembered that after the deliberate invasion of the country by Sanders had been defeated in Smerwick Bay, the rebellion was crushed and the country enjoyed comparative peace under the government of Sir John Perrot for many years. In the following passage Mr. Froude does justice to the conquerors and to the conquered.

"So ended a rebellion which a mere handful of English had sufficed to suppress, though three-quarters of Ireland had been heart and soul concerned in it, and though the Irish themselves man for man were no less hardy and brave than their conquerors. The victory was terribly purchased. The entire province of Munster was utterly depopulated. Hecatombs of helpless creatures, the aged, and the sick, and the blind, the young mother and the babe at the breast, had fallen under the English sword, and though the authentic details of the struggle have been forgotten, the memory of a vague horror remains imprinted in the national traditions.

"Had no Saxon set foot on Irish shores, the tale of slaughter would have been as large or larger. To plunder and to kill, to massacre families of enemies, and to return to their dens

* The only authority for this touching story is to be found in Essex's own despatches to Walsingham and to the Queen—the latter in the Carew Papers. They are written in a dry soldier-like manner, with entire unconsciousness that anything more had happened than the usual fate of a place taken by assault. The graphic skill of the historian has given to these dead bones life, and added one more pang to the sorrows of Ireland.

with the spoil, while bards and harpers celebrated their triumphs, was the one occupation held in honour by the Celtic chiefs, and the Irish as a nation only began to exist when English rule at last made life and property secure. But England still pays the penalty in the hearts of an alienated race for the means by which it forced them into obedience. Millions upon millions of Celts have been enabled to exist, who, but for England, would never have been born—but those millions, not wholly without justice, treasure up the bitter memories of the wrongs of their ancestors." (Vol. v. pp. 259, 260.)

After this painful contest the name of Ireland appears no more in this history until the wrecks of the Armada were scattered along the coasts of Sligo and Connemara.

We now approach a transaction which raises a very interesting question as to the fundamental principles of the policy of Elizabeth towards the Catholic Church, and here Mr. Froude takes a view opposed to that of some of the best modern authorities, though consistent with the declarations of her own agents. As we have already remarked, he starts from the position that Elizabeth was in religious matters essentially latitudinarian and tolerant of speculative differences as long as the laws of the realm were obeyed. Such, he thinks, was her spirit; it showed that "even in the sixteenth century there were minds which theology had failed to calcine." She declared to the Spanish ambassador that "in spiritual matters she believed as they did." Barring the supremacy of the Pope, which interfered with her own, Mr. Froude conceives that her sympathies were Catholic rather than Protestant. Thus he affirms:—

"Elizabeth boasted with justice that no Catholic had as yet suffered in England for his religious opinions. The laws against the Catholic services were technically severe; but for twenty years they had been evaded with the frank connivance of the authorities. The Queen had repressed sternly the persecuting zeal of her own bishops. Priests of the old sort were still to be found in every part of England, though in diminished numbers, saying mass in private houses, while justices of the peace looked away or were present themselves. Nuns were left unmolested under the roofs of Catholic ladies, pursuing their own devotions in their own way, and were denied nothing but a publicity of worship which might have provoked a riot. Whatever had been the Queen's motive, she had refused to let the succession be determined, and the Catholics could look forward to seeing again a sovereign of their own creed. She required nothing but political obedience and outward submission to the law, and with the average Englishmen of native growth and temperament, loyalty was an article of faith which the excom-

munication had failed to shake." (Vol. v. p. 306.)

If these were her real opinions, she obtained but little credit for them among the Catholics either at home or abroad; and, in fact, Mr. Froude overlooks in this passage some of the most important measures for the establishment of Protestant uniformity which he has previously recorded. It was a frequent boast of the Queen and of Burghley (who wrote two very disingenuous pamphlets in support of the assertion) that no Catholic had suffered persecution in her reign for his religious faith, apart from political disaffection. This statement has been repeated by Camden, and in our own time by Southey ("Book of the Church," vol. ii. p. 285), and it is accepted by Mr. Froude. Yet we are convinced that it is substantially untrue, and we oppose to these assertions the weighty argument of Mr. Hallam, who discusses and disposes of the question.* Nor is the plea of much avail even if it were true: to persecute from religious zeal is a misconception of the law of God and an outrage on the rights of conscience; but to feign religious zeal where none exists, for the purpose of justifying and arming political persecution with religious pretences, is yet more odious and criminal. Yet if Elizabeth were, as Mr. Froude supposes, cased in a philosophical indifference to creeds and points of faith, this would be her real offence.

It is true that the Act of 1562, which imposed on all the Queen's subjects the oath of supremacy, subject in the event of refusal to the penalties of high treason, was not rigorously enforced for several years. The massacre of St. Bartholomew and the Bull of Pius V. against the Queen provoked a more active hostility to the Catholics, and the Act 13 Eliz. cap. 2, extended the penalties of high treason to any person reconciling another to the Romish Church or concealing such offender. To hear mass was made the subject of inquisition, and sometimes punished even by torture. In 1581 the course of legislation grew more intolerant: the penalties of recusancy, that is, of absenting oneself from church, were made severe. But already, in 1577, one Mayne was hanged at Launceston without any charge against him except his religion, and there are other examples of direct persecution.† The State Papers are full of

* Constitutional History, chap. iii.

† Mr. Froude alluding to this case states that Cuthbert Mayne was taken with copies of the Bull of Pope Pius about him, and therefore hanged for high treason. To which he adds the following remark:—"This and similar executions are now held

warrants for the investigation of theological opinions of all sorts and conditions of men; in the inns of court, at the universities, and amongst the common people.

Such was the state of the law and the policy of the Government when, in 1581, a party of youthful Catholic zealots, originally trained at Oxford, but subsequently removed to Rheims, and professed Jesuits, formed the design of a spiritual incursion or mission into the hot-bed of the Reformation.

It deserves observation that Mr. Froude has prefixed to the narrative on which he is now about to enter with his wonted fervour, a short account of a visit made to the Vatican by two other young English Jesuits, Tyrrell and Ballard, towards the end of the pontificate of Gregory XIII., which he conceives to be "a fit introduction to the invasion of Parsons and Campian." Tyrrell and Ballard desired to learn from the lips of the Pope himself whether anyone who, for the benefit of the Church, attempted to destroy the Queen of England, should have for the fact his pardon. They saw Pope Gregory, and if Tyrrell's subsequent confession (probably given under torture) is to be believed, the Pope assured them that, as for the taking away of that impious Jezebel, the act would be not only worthy of approval but the doer of it would deserve canonisation. Tyrrell and Ballard lived to apply these precepts and to suffer for them, for they were implicated in the Babington conspiracy and put to death on that occasion.

But, as Mr. Froude goes on to inform us, the "fit introduction," took place "four years later than the events now to be detailed:" that is to say, that whereas a plot against the life of the Queen was organized in 1586 by Tyrrell and Ballard, who were Jesuits, with the consent of the then Pope, it may be inferred that other Jesuits who came to England several years before for a different purpose, were really intent upon the same design, or in other words, that Campian and Parsons were no less justly executed for high treason than Tyrrell and Ballard. A most unusual and illogical inference, which begs the whole question in dispute.

The Catholic priests who founded the English seminaries of Douay and Rheims had been persons in authority at Oxford in the reign of Queen Mary. They were not

hastily driven out by her successor, but after Leicester became Chancellor of the University it assumed a more Protestant character; the oath of allegiance and subscription to the Articles, was exacted from them, and they withdrew for conscience' sake to the Continent. Mr. Froude says "they preferred their creed to their country," as if that were an offence. But when the Pilgrim Fathers preferred their creed to their country, it was held to be, as it is, a title to glory.

Among these fathers Edmund Campian and Robert Parsons found a congenial refuge. They were young men of singular talent and ardent faith, with courage to encounter death in the cause of their Church and of their Catholic fellow-countrymen. In entering the Order of Jesus they dedicated their lives to a work of which they perfectly knew the cost. If the soldiers of the army of Loyola were to live up to their profession and to wage continual war on heresy, nowhere more than in England had they adversaries to encounter, friends to support, and a cause to save. The conversion of England was the eager object of their ambition: but it was some time before the superior of the Order, aware of the certain destruction which awaited them, would allow any Jesuit missionaries at all to be sent to this country. Yet the call of the Church was urgent, for Mendoza reports to Philip in 1578, that "till lately there were but few priests left in England, and religion was dying out for want of teachers." These young men, disguised as laymen, threw themselves into the breach, travelled about, administered the sacraments, preached, and accepted martyrdom with cheerful fortitude when it was required of them. The immediate result was such a revival of Catholic zeal as had not been witnessed since the accession of Elizabeth. If as Mr. Froude admits, about half the population of England was at this time Catholic, by what other means than by such missions as these could Catholics be admitted to the rites of their Church? To proscribe an entire priesthood was a strange mode of tolerating a creed. It was the duty of the Church abroad to supply at all risks ministers to this deserted flock; and to their eternal honour, men have never been wanting to tread the fiery path of duty, when they conceive that the cause they have in hand is the cause of God. Mr. Froude says that these ex-students of Oxford were "saturated with sentimental devotionism," that "the poison of asps was under their lips;" and that "though there was something lamblike in the disposition of more than one of them,

to have been needless cruelties. But were a Brahmin to be found in the quarters of a Sepoy regiment scattering incendiary addresses from Nana Sahib, he would be hanged also." Does this illustration imply that the state of the kingdom of England under Elizabeth in 1578 was as the state of India in the mutiny of 1857?

even the lamb, when infected by theological fanaticism, secretes a virus in his teeth, and his bite is deadly as a rattlesnake's." These metaphorical illustrations (which are not in good taste) only prove how differently men may judge of human motives and actions. We have as little sympathy as Mr. Froude with the Jesuits or the doctrines of the Romish Church. But when we are told that these priests were eager and resolute to lay down their lives in the service of their Church and their order, for the purpose of rescuing the souls of their countrymen from what they believed to be a mortal error—when we see them following, not figuratively but really, in the steps of their Divine Master to a painful and ignominious death, rather than forego one tithe of the faith they professed, we feel that whatever may have been their errors or delusions, the sincerity of their lives and the heroism of their deaths might at least save them from insult. "My soul," said Campian in a letter still preserved in our Records, "is in my own hands ever. Let such as you send take count of this always: the solaces that are intermeddled with the miseries are so great that they not only countervail the fear of what temporal government soever, but by infinite sweetness make all worldly pains seem nothing." The object of many an action may be mistaken or unworthy, yet the inward impulse of the soul—the spirit of self-sacrifice—the passionate desire to do the will of God, which seem to dictate that action, still dignify the life of man, and shed an imperishable glory round the head of the martyrs. Judged by human laws alone, not a few of those who have laid down their lives for mankind and for the faith which was in them, may have committed treasons. Weighed by its results, the sum total of human action is often very small, false, and miserable; judged by the lofty spirit in which such actions may be undertaken, there is, even in the worst of them, something divine.

But it is now time to put the question, which, as it appears to us, Mr. Froude does not answer—Were these Catholic emissaries guilty of any crime or offence whatever, beyond an infraction of that monstrous Statute of the 13 Elizabeth above referred to, which visited a reconciliation with Rome with the penalties of high treason, and virtually drove the priests out of the country? They were tried, however, not under that Statute, but under the Statute of Treasons of Edward III., and the charge against Campian and fourteen others was for having conspired to deprive the Queen of her style and dignity, with having come to England

to seduce her subjects from their allegiance and with having attempted to induce strangers to invade the realm. The offence charged against them was therefore purely political; the acts they had committed were purely religious; and because they were falsely convicted on the political charge, we are told that they were not persecuted for religion's sake. Mr. Froude has with perfect candour and truth stated the true object of Campian's mission:—

"It was essential that the mission should bear the character of a purely religious crusade, that those who became martyrs should appear as martyrs for their faith, without note or taint of treason on them. To make converts would be entirely sufficient for the purposes of the intended insurrection. Enthusiastic Catholics (and converts were always enthusiastic) could be relied on with confidence when the army of liberation should appear. Campian, therefore, was directed to keep strictly to the work of conversion, not to mix himself with politics, to avoid all mention of public matters in his letters to the General, and never to speak against the Queen except in the presence of persons of known and tried orthodoxy." (Vol. v. p. 314.)

His conduct in England was answerable to this design. He preached, he argued on matters of faith, whenever the occasion was vouchsafed to him; he sought to confirm the weak—to convert the doubtful. His success was considerable. His "Ten Reasons" threw Oxford and the Catholic world into enthusiasm. Popularity attached itself to this mysterious apostle of Rome. Elizabeth herself was anxious, after his arrest, to see him.

"Neither the Queen nor Leicester had forgotten the brilliant youth who had flattered them at Oxford. The Earl sent for him; and being introduced into a private room, he found himself in the presence of Elizabeth herself. She wished to give him a chance of saving himself. She asked whether he regarded her as his lawful sovereign. The relaxation of the Bull allowed him to say that he did. She asked whether he thought that the Bishop of Rome could lawfully excommunicate her. A distinct declaration of loyalty, a frank repudiation of the temporal pretensions of the Pope, were all that was required of him. He would not make either. He said that he was no umpire between parties so far above him, he could not decide a question on which the learned were divided. He would pay her Majesty what was hers, but he must pay to God what was God's. He was returned to the Tower with directions that he should be kindly treated; but Burghley's determination prevailed over Elizabeth's goodnature." (Vol. v. p. 346.)*

* Campian's singularly elegant and interesting

Elizabeth's goodnature, however, consigned him six days afterwards to the rack; and when the rack failed to extort a confession of political plots, of which we have just been told he was wholly ignorant, needles were run under the nails of his toes and fingers. The wounds were visible on his broken, bleeding corpse after his death. A few weeks afterwards he and his companions were arraigned. Campian was unable to raise his arm to plead, for it was broken at the joints. A verdict of guilty followed, and as the Duc d'Alençon had just returned to England to marry the Queen, "it was considered that the punishment of the Jesuits during his stay in London would quiet the apprehensions of the country." Campian was the first to suffer. Criers were employed to bawl in his dying ears that the crime for which he was about to die was not religion but treason. He replied in his last moments on the scaffold, "We are come here to die, but we are no traitors. I am a Catholic man and a priest. In that faith I have lived. In that faith I mean to die. If you consider my religion treason, then I am guilty. Other treason I never committed any, as God is my judge."

A bystander exclaimed—and Mr. Froude says *justly* — "In your Catholicism all treason is contained!" and he further adds:—

"The mere execution of these Jesuits, if political executions can be defended at all, was as justifiable as that of the meanest villain or wild-enthusiast who ever died upon the scaffold. Treason is a crime for which personal virtue is neither protection nor excuse. To plead in condemnation of severity, either the general innocence or the saintly intentions of the sufferers, is beside the issue; and if it be lawful in defence of national independence to kill open enemies in war, it is more lawful to execute the secret conspirator who is teaching doctrines, in the name of God, which are certain to be fatal to it." (Vol. v. p. 360.)

But if the religion of these priests was not held to be a crime meriting death, there is not a shadow of proof that they deserved to be regarded as "secret conspirators" at all. All the spies of Burghley and Walsingham, backed by all the terrors of the torture-room in the Tower, had failed to bring home to them one single

action more reprehensible than their defence of the tenets of their Church. Mr. Hallam, who reviews the case with his wonted impartiality, declares that "nothing I have read, affords the slightest proof of Campian's concern in treasonable practices, though his connexions as a Jesuit render it by no means unlikely." But are men to be tortured and put to death because suspicion attaches to their order and their creed? or is it any justification of this judicial murder that Philip was intriguing against the Queen; that the last Pope had deposed her by a powerless Bull; that the Guises had recovered their influence in Scotland, and sent Morton to the scaffold; or that the Duc d'Alençon had obtained from Elizabeth a false promise of her hand? We have entered in some detail upon the particulars of this dreadful case, because it is eminently characteristic of the spirit which pervades this history. To argue, in the words of Mr. Froude, that "it is more lawful to execute the secret conspirator who is teaching doctrines fatal to national independence than it is to kill open enemies in war," is to subvert the very foundations of law and justice. Nay, that is the very doctrine by which the Inquisition attempted to justify its most abominable crimes, and by which every act of lawless tyranny committed in the world might be defended. The facts, as related by Mr. Froude, appear to us to dispose conclusively of the monstrous pretension that Catholics under Elizabeth did not suffer for their creed, but for their political crimes. The truth is that under her reign about 200 Catholics were put to death: fifteen for denying the Queen's supremacy, 126 for exercising their ministry, and the rest for being reconciled to the Romish Church.

It is a relief to turn from these scenes of bigotry and bloodshed to the matrimonial adventures of the Queen with the Duc d'Alençon. The farce comes after the tragedy, and the humours of Elizabeth are related by Mr. Froude with great spirit and hilarity. The time was past when it could be hoped that the marriage of the Queen would secure the succession by giving a direct heir to the English throne. A union between a Princess of forty-six and a Catholic Prince young enough to have been her son was odious and offensive to the nation. Alençon himself was a "small, brown creature, deeply pock-marked, with a large head, a knobbed nose, and a hoarse, croaking voice, but whether in contradiction, or from whatever cause, she professed to be enchanted with him." She called him her "frog"—a frog-

"History of Ireland," written in 1571, was dedicated to Leicester as High Chancellor of Oxford, and he refers particularly to the kindness he had received from his patron. "How often at Oxford, how often at the Court, how at Ryoot, how at Windsor, how by letter, how by reports, you have not ceased to furnish with advice and to countenance with authority, the hope and expectation of me a single student." Campian was therefore well-known to Leicester and doubtless to the Queen.

prince beneath whose hideousness lay enchanted, visible only to a lover's eye, a form of preternatural beauty.

Whatever may have been Elizabeth's real intentions, and we believe she always intended to make a dupe of him, the project of this marriage suited her political convenience. In spite of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the duplicity of Catherine de Medicis, and the profligacy of Henry III., she had contrived to remain on good terms with the Court of France. Common enemies made them friends. The Guises and Philip II. were dreaded and detested alike at Greenwich and at Blois. The fixed policy of Elizabeth was to play off the French against the Spaniards, and, if possible, to engage them in war with each other, without herself taking part in it. The vision of a marriage with herself was the lure she used, with indifferent success, for this purpose. Henry III. had refused to give active assistance to the insurgents in the Low Countries, but Alençon, hoping to turn the Netherlands into a kingdom for himself, or to annex them to France if he succeeded his brother, proposed to assist Orange for two months with 12,000 men, at his own charge. The expedition was one of the strange volunteer enterprizes of the time—but stranger still, Elizabeth privately sent word to Alençon that she would in a sort consent to his enterprize and concur in it, if he would act with herself and under her direction. It would be too long to trace the innumerable windings of these intrigues, in which the Queen betrayed every one in turn; but she had thus made herself a partner in Alençon's speculations, to an extent which eventually cost her large sums of money, and the marriage treaty with which she flattered his vanity and ambition, was probably only a part of the scheme to keep him in her power. In November 1581—

"Alençon was again in England without the knowledge and against the wishes of his brother, who did not wish to be made increasingly ridiculous. He slipped across in disguise from Dieppe. An escort waited for him at Rye, and at the beginning of November he appeared in London. The enchanted frog of the fairy tale was present in all its hideousness, and the lovely lady was to decide if she would consent to be his bride. Walsingham, who detested the whole business, concluded now, like Burghley, that having gone so far she must carry it to the end. He praised Monsieur to the Queen. He said that he had an excellent understanding; his ugly face was the worst part of him. 'Then thou knave,' she said, 'why hast thou so many times said ill of him? Thou art as change-

able as a weathercock.' The analogy suited better with herself. On his first arrival little seems to have been said about the marriage, the Queen trying to lay him under obligations [to her in other ways, which could not be spoken of in treaties. He was heir to the French crown. The Guises and the enemies of religion interfered with his legitimate influence and threatened to obstruct his succession. If he would maintain the edicts, 'her Highness promised all her power to support him and impugn his contraries.' He had 'taken on him the protection of the Low Countries.' 'Her Majesty would aid and succour him as far as she might with the contributions of her realm and people.' But if this would satisfy Alençon it would not satisfy France. Since the Duke had chosen to come to England, the French Government desired to be informed of the probable results of his visit, and three weeks after his arrival Mauvissière waited on the Queen to learn what he might write to his master.

"It was the 22nd of November. She had settled for the winter at Greenwich. She was taking her morning walk in the gallery with Alençon at her side, and Leicester and Walsingham behind, when Mauvissière was introduced. He put his question with a Frenchman's politeness. 'Write this to your master,' she answered: 'the Duke will be my husband.' With a sudden impulse she turned upon Monsieur, kissed his brown lips, took a ring from her finger and placed it herself on his hand. She sent for the ladies and gentlemen of the household and presented Monsieur to them as their future master. She despatched a messenger to tell Burghley, who was confined to his bed with the gout. He drew a long breath of satisfied relief. 'Blessed be God,' he exclaimed; 'her Majesty has done her part; the realm must complete the rest.' Letters were sent out to summon Parliament immediately. Couriers flew to Paris with the news, and for a few days every one believed that the subject of such weary negotiations was settled at last.

"But Burghley and all others were once more deceived. Not only was nothing settled, but Elizabeth neither meant anything to be settled nor even believed at the time that she meant it. Hatton, her 'sheep,' as Mendoza ascertained, came to her afterwards with tears running down his cheeks: well as he knew her, the gift of the ring had frightened him, and he bleated about the grief of her people. Leicester asked her sarcastically whether they were to consider her as betrothed. She assured them both tenderly that they had nothing to fear. She meant to demand concessions to which the French King would not consent. Leicester thought she had gone dangerously far. Hatton asked how she would extricate herself if the King did consent. 'With words,' she answered, 'the coin most current with the French: when the field is large and the soldiers cowers there are always means of creeping out.'" (Vol. v. pp. 445-7.)

Having gone thus far, the next thing was to get rid of so importunate a lover.

"But how to shake off Alençon? The Queen had brought him over, and now both with herself and the Council the first object was to rid the realm of him. It was represented to him that his honour was suffering through Parma's conquests, that the marriage at all events could not take place immediately, and that his presence was required at Antwerp. The Queen promised him unlimited supplies of money, a promise however which, if Simier was to be believed, she hoped to escape from keeping. In public she affected the deepest sorrow at the Duke's compelled departure. In private she danced for joy at the thought that she would see him no more. Struggling and complaining, the victim of her caprices submitted to be pushed along. He said it was but too clear that she did not love him, and that his own devotion deserved a better return. She swore that her desire that he should go rose only from her anxiety for his welfare. He said he could not go. He had her word, her letter, and her ring, and he would not leave her till she was his wife. She set Cecil upon him, who for very shame was as earnest for his departure as herself. She availed herself of the Spanish leanings of the Council. She thought, according to Simier, of declaring publicly that she was going over to the Spanish side in the hope that Alençon would be recalled at once by the French Court. He was told that he had better go before the 1st of January or he would have to make a New Year's present to the Queen. Anything to be quit of him. That was the necessity of the present hour; the next might care for itself.

"Her changes had been so many and so violent that Burghley once more asked her if she was really and finally decided. She said she would not be Alençon's wife to be empress of the universe. If this was true, the longer he remained the greater the danger; and Burghley again urged him to begone. He said he had only meddled with the Provinces in the hope of marrying the Queen; if she would not have him, he would concern himself no further with them; he would complain to every prince in Christendom of the wrong which he had suffered, and his brother would see him avenged. Burghley could prevail nothing. The Queen took him in hand herself. She said she could not marry a Catholic. He swore he loved her so that he would turn Protestant for her sake. She told him she could not conquer her disinclination; she was sorry, but such was the fact. Might she not be a friend and sister to him? In a tumult of agitation he declared that he had suffered anguish from his passion for her. He had dared the ill opinion of all the Catholics in Europe. He had run a thousand risks for her, and sooner than leave England without her, he would rather they both perished.

"The Queen, agitated or professing to be agitated in turn, exclaimed, that he must not threaten a poor old woman in her own kingdom;

passion not reason spoke in him, she said, 'or she would think him mad. She begged him not to use such dreadful words.'

"No, no, Madame," croaked the poor Prince, 'you mistake; I meant no hurt to your blessed person. I meant only that I would sooner be cut in pieces than not marry you and so be laughed at by the world.'

"With these words he burst into tears. The Queen gave him her handkerchief to wipe his eyes with, and in this charming situation the curtain drops over the scene." (Vol. v. pp. 449-51.)

Yet this was not all.

"Alternately worried and cajoled, the unfortunate Prince at last consented to go, on condition that the Queen would so far compromise herself as to give him money to pay an army of Germans; that Leicester and Howard should accompany him to Holland, and that he might look forward to returning in a few months to claim her hand. Words cost her nothing. She promised faithfully to marry him as soon as circumstances allowed. To part with money was a hard trial, but she dared not refuse. She gave him thirty thousand pounds, with bills for twenty thousand more; the bills, however, were not to be immediately cashed, and she left herself time to cancel them if she altered her mind.

"She accompanied him to Canterbury, lavishing freely, as he was really going, her oaths and protestations that she would be his wife, Lord Sussex listening with disgust to what he knew to be falsehood and absurdity. She bade him write to her, and address his letters as to his wife the Queen of England; while to France she sung the same tune, swearing that she would do anything that Henry wished when immediate fulfillment could be no longer demanded of her. The English lords conveyed their charge to Flushing, where they left him, as Leicester scornfully said, stranded like a hulk upon a sandbank. He was installed as Duke of Brabant, and the States took an oath of allegiance to him, Leicester jesting at the ceremony as a pageant and idle illusion. The Prince of Orange intimated that he was accepted by the States only as a pledge that England would support them; if England failed them, they would not trust their fortunes to so vain an idiot; while in affected agony at his loss, she declared that she could not bear to think of her poor Frog suffering in those stagnant marshes, and that she would give a million to have him swimming in the Thames again." (Vol. v. pp. 453, 454.)

The Babington conspiracy was the last and the most formidable of the great plots intended to overthrow the Protestant throne of England by foreign invasion, by restoring Mary Stuart to power and liberty, and as a preliminary step, by the murder of Elizabeth. The principal persons implicated in this audacious attempt were convicted on

the clearest evidence, which was confirmed by their own mutual denunciations and confessions, and is now further corroborated by the correspondence preserved in the archives of Spain. The plan was to despatch the Queen first, and afterwards Cecil, Walsingham, Hunsdon, and Knollys. This being done the sanguine Mendoza, who was then in Paris, cognisant of all, thought the revolution would be accomplished on the spot. Philip II., delighted that Mary had bequeathed to himself her right of succession to the crown, to the exclusion of her heretical son, authorized Mendoza to give the Catholics the most positive assurances of his active support, and even ordered the Prince of Parma to sail instantly for the shores of England on hearing that Babington had accomplished his object. Within a few months of this time the Prince of Orange had been "taken off" by similar means, no doubt the danger of Elizabeth was extreme, and the ruffians and fanatics who had contrived the plot richly deserved the fate which overtook them.

But the principal interest of the Babington conspiracy lies in the fact that it cost, not Queen Elizabeth, but Queen Mary, her life: that it was deliberately and designedly used by the Ministers of Elizabeth to bring her rival to destruction, and that although Walsingham certainly did not originate the plot of Babington, he encouraged, directed, and even assisted it for the purpose of turning it to the total ruin of its authors. Mr. Froude calls this counterplot of Walsingham's "an ingenious plan to obtain political information;" whilst he reserves for his opponents the remark, "that human obligations are but as straws before the fascinations of theology; but there is no villainy which religious temptation will not sometimes elevate into the counterfeits of virtue." But the fact is that theology and religion have nothing to do with the matter. Walsingham acted no doubt from patriotism and loyalty to his sovereign. But high motives sometimes render men only the more insensible to the wickedness and infamy of the means they employ. That was the accursed doctrine of the Jesuits, which hurried them into a thousand crimes. But we are at a loss, on grounds of truth and morality, to distinguish from the worst of their practices the final practices of Walsingham and Elizabeth against Mary Stuart.

The scheme was to obtain such a command over the secret correspondence of the imprisoned Queen, without her suspecting it, that she might gradually be led on to furnish under her own hand evidence of a conspiracy sufficient to bring her within the

provisions of the Statutes of Treason. We shall describe the method taken to effect this object in Mr. Froude's words:—

"There was one way, and perhaps only one, by which all these questions could be answered. The Queen of Scots must be again enabled to open a correspondence which she and her friends could believe to be perfectly safe, and her letters and theirs must be passed through the hands of Walsingham. Round her so long as she lived, conspiracy whether European or English necessarily gathered. Nothing had been done in the past, and nothing had been projected, on which her advice had not been first asked and taken. She had agents at every Court, who took pains that at least to her every fibre of the truth should be known. Political correspondence throughout her residence in England had been the occupation of her life. So long as she resided with Lord Shrewsbury her servants had been under loose surveillance. They walked and rode where they pleased. They visited their neighbours and received visits in return. Both they and their mistress required their wardrobes to be replenished, their libraries to be supplied with fresh volumes from London and Paris. Luxuries and necessities came continually to Sheffield, and sometimes letters were inclosed in the frames of the boxes, or concealed beneath the linings or between the planks. Sometimes a small roll of paper was sewn into the hollowed heel of a new shoe or boot. Sometimes a set of handkerchiefs from the milliner would be written over with invisible ink, or again, ciphers intelligible to herself or her secretary were noted on the margins of new books." Vol. vi. pp. 210, 211.)

After her removal to Tutbury under the stricter gaolership of Sir Amyas Paulet, the control over her correspondence was more severe. It was therefore necessary to afford to the Queen a special mode of carrying it on, which she should deem impregnable secret, but which should all the time place her most private thoughts in the hands of her accusers.

"Delicate contrivance was necessary. It would be unsafe to admit the castle officers into the secret, and the usual inspection therefore would have to continue, and be in some way evaded. Her own suspicions, also, would be excited if access to her was suddenly made easy. One letter or one packet would not be enough. What Walsingham wanted was a sustained, varied correspondence with many persons, protracted for an indefinite time—with the Pope, with Philip, with her son, with the Archbishop of Glasgow, with Guise, Mendoza, and the English refugees. In possession of this, he could either convince his mistress of her own unwisdom, or satisfy himself that she was right, and that the treaty might safely go forward. But the problem was an extremely difficult one. He must find some one who could obtain the confidence of all these persons, and induce them to

trust him with their letters. He must in some way or other enable this person to convey the letters to the Queen of Scots and convey back her answers. He dared not venture the experiment without Elizabeth's permission. She gave it, and she kept the secret to herself." (Vol. vi. p. 212.)

The plan was this. A double-dyed scoundrel was found by Walsingham, who, whilst he belonged to the honorable Catholic family of Gifford, and had been brought up a seminary priest, nevertheless offered his services to the English Government to betray the party to which he belonged. He had every qualification to inspire confidence in his victims, and every gift of baseness to adapt him to the purpose of his employers. Even his father's house had the advantage of adjoining the estates of Chartley to which Mary had now been removed, and he knew the locality like a school-boy.

"At once there dropped upon her, as if from an invisible hand, a ciphered letter from her faithful Morgan. Paulet had been taken into confidence, with Philipps, Walsingham's secretary, an accomplished master of the art of cipher, and one other person whose assistance Philipps had secured—a brewer at Burton who supplied Chartley with ale. A separate cask was furnished for the Queen of Scots' ladies and secretaries; a hint was in some way conveyed to Nau to examine it closely, and when the ale was drawn off there was found at the bottom a small watertight box of wood, in which was Morgan's packet. It contained an introduction of Gilbert Gifford, as 'a Catholic gentleman, well brought up in learning,' on whom the Queen of Scots might thoroughly depend, and with whose assistance she might correspond with himself and with her other friends in England and elsewhere. The cask came in weekly. The box reenclosed in the empty barrel would carry out her answers, and the chain of communication was at once complete.

"The brewer had been purchased by high and complicated bribes. He was first paid by Walsingham; next he was assured of lavish rewards from the Queen of Scots, which to secure her confidence it was necessary to permit him to receive. Lastly, like a true English scoundrel, he used the possession of a State secret to exact a higher price for his beer. Philipps came to reside at Chartley under the pretence of assisting Paulet in the management of the household. Every letter conveyed to the Queen of Scots and every letter which she sent in return was examined and copied by him before it was forwarded to its destination, and Morgan's introduction of Gifford, which betrayed her into Walsingham's hands, was the first on which he had to exercise his skill." (Vol. vi. pp. 218, 219.)

Thus accredited and introduced Gifford became master of the Queen's correspondence, and other agents skilled in the base

arts of deciphering and unsealing letters were sent down to Chartley to avoid all suspicious delay in the transmission of the papers. The copies of these deciphered letters which were made for Burghley, Walsingham, and Elizabeth, are still in the State Paper Office.

It must be remembered that at the time this detestable expedient was invented to entrap Mary into dangerous disclosures, no conspiracy was in existence. Mary was removed to Chartley in September 1585. Gifford was introduced to her as a trustworthy agent in October. No doubt Mary corresponded with the Catholic Powers: she was eagerly intent on the recovery of her freedom and on the interests of her party throughout Europe. But was there anything criminal or treasonable in her correspondence? That was the question. It was fully six months after the letters of Mary were systematically stolen, broken open, and re-copied by the agents of Walsingham, that the Babington conspiracy first gave signs of its existence in England. Ballard, the prime mover in it, was one of those fanatics, mentioned by Mr. Froude for another purpose, who had obtained the sanction of Gregory XIII. to the crime of regicide. Six young men of family were associated with him, and bound themselves by vows and oaths to commit the murder.

Mr. Froude justly remarks that "if there was a person from whom the conspiracy ought most carefully to have been concealed, that person was Mary Stuart," except as regarded her own deliverance from captivity. Nevertheless Morgan, her agent in Paris, had the folly to introduce Babington to her as a person who might be trusted, and to place them in communication by sending them copies of the same cipher. Babington addressed letters to Mary full of mysterious hints, and Morgan himself had the imprudence to tell her in a postscript, "*There be many means in hand to remove the beast that troubles all the world.*" Elizabeth, too, read the words, and endured the danger, in order, says Mr. Froude, "to test her kinswoman to the bottom." But as yet Mary had only vouchsafed to Babington a few lines of courteous recognition. On the 12-22 July, Babington wrote again to the Queen, giving her full details of the intended plot, and adding: "For the dispatch of the usurper from the obedience of whom they were by the excommunication of his Holiness made free, there were six gentlemen, his private friends, who for the zeal they bore to the cause and her Majesty's service were ready to undertake that tragical execution."

"The interest grew deeper. Babington's letter was given immediately to Gifford; it was examined by Walsingham before it left London, and was forwarded by the usual road; and Phillips, who had been in London and had there deciphered it, returned to Paulet at Chartley to watch the effects. Mary Stuart knew Phillips by sight; a spare, pockmarked, impassive, red-haired man, something over thirty. She had been already struck by his appearance. Morgan had suggested that he might not be proof against a bribe. She had tried him gently and without success, but she had no particular suspicion of him. He knew the moment when the letter reached her. He knew that she had read it. When she drove out in her carriage afterwards she passed him and he bowed respectfully.

"I had a smiling countenance," he said, 'but I thought of the verse—

'Cum tibi dicit Ave, sicut ab hoste cave.'

Some remorse he could not choose but feel. She was in his toils, and he was too certain that she would be meshed in them. Another letter from her and the work would be done.

"We attend," he wrote, 'her very heart at the next.'" (Vol. vi. p. 238.)

To this letter, five days afterwards, Queen Mary's answer was returned. It was written, as afterwards appeared by the confessions of her secretaries, in the usual manner in which she conducted her secret correspondence. She dictated in French to Nau the substance of what she wished to say; Curle translated it into English and ciphered it. On this occasion she wrote to Charles Paget, to Mendoza, to the French ambassador in London, to Madrid, letters expressing her conviction that arrangements had been made for her own escape, and that, with the aid of Spain, the rebellion which would ensue must succeed. Lastly, she answered the letter of Babington in a manner which showed her entire knowledge of the plot. "When all is ready," she said, "the six gentlemen must be set to work, and *you will provide that on their design being accomplished, I may be rescued from this place, &c.*" That letter, which was written and sent in spite of an express remonstrance from her own secretaries, cost Mary her life. The arrest of the conspirators, the transfer of Mary to Tixall, the seizure of all her papers at Chartley, the resolution to bring her to trial on this evidence, and her condemnation, immediately followed.

Looking at this question judicially, it is to be regretted that in this, as in the former instance of the inquiry into the murder of Darnley, the most decisive points of the evidence against the Queen do not exist, and were not produced, in an incontrovert-

ible form, but as copies.* The Queen's letter to Babington of the 17-27 July was perhaps burnt, as she enjoined on him: at any rate it was not produced at the trial. The document which was produced was the deciphered copy in the possession of Walsingham. But the secondary evidence in support of it is very strong. It was admitted by Nau and Curle, the Queen's two secretaries, to be the letter they had ciphered by the Queen's command. Nau's minutes of it were found, and the letter was also acknowledged by Babington to be the same he had received. The Queen herself denied it—but she denied having written to Babington at all or received a letter from him. When the copies were produced, she said they were the work of her secretaries, but that nothing proved they were dictated by herself: they might have been composed by Walsingham. That reproach was probably false, but after the course Walsingham had taken, his conduct is obnoxious to the worst suspicions. He had surrounded Mary with double-faced agents, spies, false means of correspondence, and every engine to tempt her on to her destruction; he was eagerly watching for the success of his nefarious plot, which was but too probable; and certainly a man who would go these lengths to obtain evidence against a suspected person, before the offence was committed, is himself open to the suspicion of tampering with the evidence so treacherously obtained.† It is

* The same remark applies to the Casket letters, which were the most damatory portion of the evidence produced against Queen Mary before the Commissions at York and at Westminster, and the doubt attached to their authenticity is still the great argument used by Mary's defenders. This argument has been revived with considerable ability by Mr. Hosack in a volume lately published under the title "Mary, Queen of Scots, and her Accusers," which we have read with much interest. Mr. Hosack's theory is that the Glasgow letters, written in English or Scotch, and undoubtedly addressed to Bothwell, were forgeries, and that the French letters in the same collection are genuine, but were in fact addressed not to Bothwell, but to her husband. We confess, however, that we think this ingenious mode of dealing with the evidence is unsubstantial, and that it is rebutted by the overwhelming and undoubted fact that Mary knew Bothwell to be the murderer of her husband, and yet immediately afterwards married him.

† The alternative of Mary's ignorance of the intention of Babington to kill the Queen, on the supposition that her own secretaries had used her cipher without her knowledge, or that Walsingham had contrived to forge the letter received by Babington from Mary, is discussed with great fairness and sagacity by Hume in a note to the chapter xlii. of his history. He arrives at the conclusion that these suppositions are in the highest degree improbable, but he suspects Walsingham of forging the postscript to the letter in which Mary asks to be told the names of the conspirators. We see no ground to support this accusation. Mr. Froude has followed the course of the narrative given by all preceding historians, from Camden; and he has added little to it. The only additional point in the

impossible to doubt that Walsingham's deliberate intention was not only to save Elizabeth, but to render the destruction of Mary inevitable; and though he had the sanction of his own sovereign for what he did, perhaps she did not foresee as clearly as her wary Minister the point to which he was leading her. Mary Stuart might have been proceeded against capitally — at least in Scotland — for the murder of Darnley; she might have been brought to trial in England for high treason for the part she undoubtedly took in the Northern rising and in the Duke of Norfolk's rebellion.

These offences were condoned. When, after nineteen years' captivity, she was condemned to die, the acts which brought her to that pass were the acts of others rather than her own — she had no power to originate or prevent them — the conspirators, on the contrary, intended to use her for their purposes — her crime was an assent given to a scheme she had not framed, and that assent was obtained by the diabolical ingenuity of the man who accused her. Even Burghley was ignorant of the plot. It was Walsingham who struck the blow; but having struck it, and having laid bare the dangers that surrounded the throne and the country, it was undoubtedly very difficult to stop short of the execution of Mary and the completion of his design. Great as we believe the guilt of Mary Stuart to have been in many passages of her life, there are incidents in the life of her great rival which may be not unfairly compared with her own offences; and the transactions for which she laid her head on the block were neither the most clearly proved nor the most criminal of her practices. We cannot by any means acquit her; but neither can we accept, with Mr. Froude, the means which were employed to bring her to her end. It was not for the particular offence, but on the general charge of popery and hostility to England, that the voice of the nation was loud against her. "She was poisoned with popery," said the address of the Lords and Commons, "and was burning to destroy the Gospel in England and everywhere. She was a canker corrupting the minds of the people." In this popular cry of "Execute her! execute her!" there was also not a little of those "fascinations of theology and religious temptations which sometimes counterfeit virtue."

If then the legal view of the question is adverse to Mary, what are we to think of

evidence is the avowal of Mendoza to Philip II., that the Queen of Scots had told him in a letter that "she well knew the whole business." This is to be found in Teulet's collection, vol. v.

the policy of her execution? Are we to agree with Mr. Froude that "the political wisdom of a critical and difficult act has never in the world's history been more signally justified"? It cannot be said that the execution of Mary diminished the dangers which surrounded the throne of Elizabeth at that moment, by removing any of the causes which threatened to embroil the Queen in war — that war which she so long dreaded and deferred, but which was now inevitable. It deserves to be remarked that the measures taken by Walsingham to entrap Mary into the avowal of some fatal design, coincided exactly in point of time with a decided change in the foreign policy of Elizabeth. In September 1585 measures were taken for the removal of Mary to Chartley, which was an indispensable preliminary to Walsingham's scheme; and before Christmas in that year she was established in the trap. In August 1585 the Queen of England had agreed to the treaty with the Low Countries which caused some thousand English troops to be sent under Leicester to their relief, and she occupied Flushing. In September 1585 Drake sailed on his second expedition to the Spanish main, in which he plundered Vigo, attacked Cartagena and St. Iago, and again brought back the spoils of the western hemisphere. These were acts of war. In spite of the hesitation and prevarication of Elizabeth, it was impossible to dissemble their meaning and effect: and it is probable that the certainty of the impending struggle disposed both herself and her Ministers to deal more harshly with the Queen of Scots than they had hitherto done. Philip, on his part, was equally aware that the time for action was come. The preparations of the Armada were almost completed. Negotiations were opened at Rome to obtain pecuniary aid from the Pope, which was promised but never given. On both sides the conflict was felt to be inevitable. It may therefore have been a stroke of sound policy to crush the hopes of the Catholic party in England by the destruction of the Catholic heir to the crown, and by binding Scotland more closely to the Protestant cause. But certainly the death of Mary did nothing to avert the danger of war. On the contrary, it rendered it more inevitable by the blood of the Catholic hostage Elizabeth had so long held in her power. The failure of the Spanish Armada and the deliverance of England were brought about by totally different causes, over which the life and death of Mary Queen of Scots had no perceptible influence.

Mary was beheaded on the 8-18th Feb-

ruary 1587; and Philip, if he had kept to his purpose, would have invaded England before the close of the same year. He was already to a great extent prepared; England was totally disarmed.

"The crusade against England had been preached from pulpit and platform, and the chivalrous Castilians whose creed was not yet a cant, and in whom the ardour of the crusade had been kept alive by the wars of the Moors, had come forward with enthusiasm to draw their swords for God and for the Virgin Lady of their devotion. Every noble family in Spain had selected one or more of its sons to represent it. Country hidalgos, of whom Cervantes was only the finest type, whose great-grandfathers had fought in Grenada and Naples, and whose fathers had brought home scars from Lepanto, had volunteered as if for the war against the Saracens.

"The damage done by Drake, enormous as it was, had been repaired swiftly by the enthusiasm of the country, and by the beginning of the winter the most powerful fleet ever seen in Europe was floating ready for sea in the Tagus. Twenty thousand Spanish soldiers, and as many seamen and galley slaves, were collected in and about Lisbon, and at their head was the veteran Don Alvarez de Baçan, Marquis of Santa Cruz, whose boyhood went back into the wars of Charles V., who had destroyed Strozzi and the French privateers at Terceira, and had won Lepanto for Don John.

"The army of the Prince of Parma had been simultaneously reinforced. The gaps made in it by the siege of Sluys had been filled. In the November following he had thirty thousand Spaniards, Italians, and Germans disposed at various points along the coast. He had collected an infinite number of the large flat-bottomed river barges for transports, and had taken them down to Dunkirk and Nieuport. He had a few armed hoys besides, and large boats for landing, and in addition, but unfortunately in the Scheldt at Antwerp, and therefore useless so long as Flushing was in the enemy's hands, 'thirty-one brave ships of war,' carrying each twenty or thirty brass guns. The army was kept together apparently threatening Ostend, and the Prince reported that he was ready at any moment to transport the entire force to England if the fleet could hold the Channel while he crossed.

"Delayed as he had been by Drake, Philip had not parted with the hope that he might try the great experiment in the present year. He had arranged his plans in September, and had prepared Parma for the immediate arrival of the fleet. He was then, he said, waiting only for the arrival of a few ships from the Mediterranean to send orders to Santa Cruz to sail. God, it was to be hoped, would take care of the weather; but the Channel being a dangerous place, and there being no harbour on the French or Flemish coast where large ships could ride in safety, the Armada was to proceed immediately to the mouth of the Thames and anchor off Mar-

gate. In that position they would hold perfect command of the Straits. No English vessels could show upon the water, and Parma could pass in safety and land in Thanet. Santa Cruz would bring with him sixteen thousand Spanish infantry, six thousand of the best of which Parma was to select and take with him, and he and the Marquis must then arrange their future plans. No time was to be lost, for the deeper the winter the more difficult would be the voyage; and the King therefore told him to expect to see Santa Cruz within a few days of his letter. He was to hold himself ready to embark at a few hours' notice; every day that the fleet lay exposed would be an additional and unnecessary peril, and the consequences of a disaster might be most serious. He professed unbounded confidence, however, in Parma's prudence and judgment, and he did not doubt that with God's help all would go well.

"At that particular moment all conditions had been favourable. Henry III. and Guise were on the Loire, occupied with the Reiters. Elizabeth was obstinately refusing to hear of anything but peace, and was dreaming that she might tempt Parma to disavow his allegiance and set himself up as Duke of Burgundy. Her army in Flanders was falling to pieces, and shiploads of starving wretches were flocking back to England to clamour at the Council doors. No danger was anticipated from Spain, at soonest, before the following summer. The few ships which had been held in commission after Drake's return could no longer keep the seas without repair. The rest were lying unrigged in the Medway. Had Santa Cruz sailed before the end of September as Philip intended, not a ship could have been brought out to encounter him. Parma, beyond question, would have crossed the Channel, and the battle of English liberty would have been fought not at sea but on shore." (Vol. vi. pp. 394-7.)

This first delay was in truth fatal. Before the next year Santa Cruz, the only seaman of Spain capable of commanding so great a fleet, had died. The forces of Parma had dwindled away on the sandhills of Dunkirk. Above all, the enemy was no longer unprepared.

The story of the Spanish Armada has in countless forms been told. In the exquisite terseness of Hume's narrative, in the polished prose of Mignet, in the glowing pages of Motley, in the heroic strains of Macaulay. It will be told again in countless forms to every English child, and as long as the sea beats upon these cliffs, or the English language is spoken in the world, the tale will stir the heart like the blast of a trumpet. But it has never been told with greater splendour of language, with a more majestic rhythm, or with more patriotic fervour than by Mr. Froude. Take as a mere example of his style, and as a living

picture of the scene, the following exquisite sentences : —

"The scene as the fleet passed out of the harbour must have been singularly beautiful. It was a treacherous interval of real summer. The early sun was lighting the long chain of the Gallician mountains, marking with shadows the cleft defiles, and shining softly on the white walls and vineyards of Coruna. The wind was light, and falling towards a calm; the great galleons drifted slowly with the tide on the purple water, the long streamers trailing from the trucks, the red crosses, the emblem of the crusade, showing bright upon the hanging sails. The fruit boats were bringing off the last fresh supplies, and the pinnaces hastening to the ships with the last loiterers on shore. Out of thirty thousand men who that morning stood upon the decks of the proud Armada, twenty thousand and more were never again to see the hills of Spain. Of the remnant who in two short months crept back ragged and torn, all but a few hundred returned only to die." (Vol. xii, pp. 454-5.)

But the large draughts we have already made from his pages forbid us to extend these citations, and the narrative must be read as a whole.

Meanwhile, to whomsoever the glory of the defeat of the Armada may belong, it cannot belong to Queen Elizabeth. The wonder is that her marvellous fortune and the heroic gallantry of her servants prevailed over dire neglect, inexorable avarice, stupid incredulity, habitual irresolution, and the choice of an incompetent favourite, Leicester, to command the land forces of Britain. Had Parma landed at the head of his Spanish veterans, then the best infantry in Europe, we doubt not the native courage of the land would at last have hurled back the invaders; but it would have gone hard with the raw bands of English volunteers under such a general as Leicester, who must first have encountered him. Mr. Froude says that "100,000 men, well officered and appointed, were ready at a day's notice to fall into companies and move wherever they were wanted." We wish we could think so. But if the men existed, what supplies were prepared to maintain them? how were they armed? where was their ammunition? what was the plan of the campaign? To judge by the state of the fleet, everything was wanting. In September 1587, when Philip first sent orders to Santa Cruz to sail, there was not a vessel in the Channel carrying the Queen's flag larger than a pinnace. Drake's ships had been paid off and dismantled at Chatham. The Queen hoped that in six weeks peace would be re-established. Drake was

ordered to lie at Portsmouth with three small vessels, and Lord Henry Seymour to cruise in the Channel short-handed. No victuals were in store. When the fleet again collected in Plymouth Roads, four weeks' food were served out and no more. The ships went to sea on half-rations. Drake and Howard ordered wine for the sick sailors, and had to pay for it out of their own purses. Powder there was — in the Tower; but it was not allowed to be used, and after a day's heavy firing into the Spanish galleons, the British ships were compelled to haul off, unless they had the good fortune to capture a few barrels of Spanish ammunition.

Nevertheless, who knows not with what consummate valour and seamanship the battle was fought? The mighty vessels of the Armada slowly ploughed their way up Channel, infested by a swarm of light antagonists, which poured into them torrents of fire and disabled many of them; and when they reached Calais roads, and were in direct communication with Parma, the daring tactics of Drake and Howard cut them off from the shore with fireships, and drove them forth in the teeth of the storm and the enemy to brave the terrors of the Northern Ocean. Nothing was wanting to complete their discomfiture; and when the baffled and shattered squadron endeavoured to force its way round the Orkneys and to regain the Atlantic by the west, their ruin was completed by shipwreck on the wild coast of Connemara and Donegal, where the wretched fugitives were wrecked, and robbed, and slain by their former allies, the "Irish wolves," who hurried down from their mountains to feast upon their spoils. On Philip II. the effect of these calamitous tidings, which came in day by day, was for the time crushing: "He shut himself up in the Escorial, and no one dared to speak to him." The game was played out, and he had lost it past redemption.*

At this point, then, Mr. Froude, somewhat abruptly, terminates his history. The dramatic interest of the period he has de-

* In a recent number of "Notes and Queries" (November 20, 1893), Mr. Russell Martineau relates a curious tradition of which he has discovered traces in the Shetland Isles that the Duke of Medina Sidonia, commander-in-chief of the Armada, was wrecked on the east coast of Fair Isle, and spent the following winter there. Very probably some such accident befell one of the Spanish vessels, but there is abundant evidence that the Duke returned to Santander with his ship, that he shut himself up in his room, and as soon as he could move fled and hid himself in his country house. The tradition of his wintering in the Shetland Isles no doubt exists there still, but it is a mistake; some other Spanish officer of rank was probably mistaken for the commander-in-chief.

scribed is here, as we remarked at the commencement of this article, complete. The gallant and the free triumph, the wicked die like Mary and the Guise by the axe or the dagger, and the arch-plotter of all mischief shrinks back confounded in his gloomy cell. History, however, in reality knows of no such sudden breaks. The catastrophe of to-day is the parent of a new birth to-morrow; and no sooner does one actor vanish from the scene than another replaces him. The judgments of history are to be read, not so much in the fate of individuals as in the growth or fall of nations, and in the long course of time.

We have not concealed some differences of opinion which separate us from Mr. Froude, and indeed it would be a bad

compliment to so great a work to abstain from a critical examination of it. It breathes, to our mind, too fiery a spirit of partisanship, and justice and truth must sometimes suffer when they are exposed to so fierce a heat. But this quality only renders the work more interesting and attractive to the reader; and if Mr. Froude is indeed resolved to lay down his pen for the present, and to leave the remaining years of the reign of Elizabeth untold by him, we hope it will not be long before he resumes his labours in some other branch of English history or English literature; and we beg to offer him our best thanks for the industry, the eloquence, and the power which he has devoted to the task he has now accomplished.

THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT is making a very important experiment. The Oxus now flows into the Sea of Aral. It once flowed into the Caspian, its old bed being still visible enough to be a feature in maps. If it could be brought back, the Russians would have an unbroken and impregnable water communication from the Baltic to the heart of Khiva, and with further improvements to Balkh, would, in fact, be able to ship stores at Cronstadt for Central Asia, and send them without land carriage. The addition to their power would be enormous; for instance, they could send 10,000 riflemen almost to Afghanistan by water, and without any sound audible to the West,—and their engineers think it can be secured. An energetic officer, with 1800 men, is already on the south bank of the Caspian; the natives are reported "friendly," that is, we suppose, quiet, and the Russian Government has the means through its penal regiments of employing forced labor on a great scale. We shall hear a great deal more of this engineering enterprise.

Spectator.

that date, however, it took a new start, and at the commencement of the Rebellion in 1861, the Library contained about 40,000 volumes; and in spite of the many partisan stories, circulated at the time, they were not injured by the federal forces, but are still existing, and have been rearranged for the benefit of the public.

Athenum.

MR. H. RIVETT-CARNAC, Cotton Commissioner for Bombay and Central India, gives some curious information as to the effect of cotton speculations on the native Indians. At first the large profits quite turned their heads. They had ploughshares cast in silver, and cased their cart wheels in tires of the same metal. Fancy prices were given for bullocks of a favourite color or with some peculiarity of shape or tail. Enormous sums were squandered on marriage ceremonies, and the Brahmins contrived to pocket enormous bounties. But these vagaries are only one side of the picture. The extension of cotton culture has had an important and permanent effect in improving the general condition of the people. They have better food, better clothes, huts of mud and thatch have been replaced by substantial buildings of stone, brass and copper utensils substituted for earthen pots and pans, irrigation has been greatly increased, waste land brought into cultivation and planted.

SOME interesting news comes to us from Charleston, in South Carolina, respecting a collection of books belonging to the Library Society of that city. It was founded in 1748 by seventeen young men, who associated together for the purpose of collecting such pamphlets and magazines as might be published in Great Britain. It afterwards extended its sphere of operations to the purchase of books, chiefly works of classical literature and science; and in 1755 it obtained a charter which was confirmed by the Crown of England. During the Revolution its finances suffered materially, and in 1778 its collection was partially destroyed by fire; from

BELLE BOYD, the fair Southerner, who became an actress at the conclusion of the American War, is now an inmate of the San Francisco Lunatic Asylum.

From Good Words.

CARLINO.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR ANTONIO," "LORENZO BENONI," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

ON a stormy August morning of 1853 Baron Gaston de Kerdiat, an arrival of the night before at the Hotel de l'Europe, Chambery, stepped from his room into the adjoining gallery, which runs along three sides of the house, leant on the rail of the balustrades, lighted a cigar and puffed away moodily at it.

Baron Gaston, a man about forty, a customer of the Hotel de l'Europe of twenty years' standing, was not exacting, paid his bill without demur or observation, did not grudge the waiters their fees: and yet the Baron was not popular with the household. Indeed, even that best of souls, Madame Ferrollet, the elderly landlady, who had known him from the time he was a youth of eighteen, and to whom he always made a point of being civil—well, even this good lady could not help a nervous sinking of the heart whenever the Baron's arrival was announced. As to the servants, their sensations were clear and decided—they could not bear the sight of him. His stern visage, his taciturnity, his frigid manners—he had never in all these twenty years given the landlady a shake of the hand—the entire absence, in short, of that cordiality to which all the old frequenters of the hotel, high and low, had accustomed her; all this might account for the want of sympathetic feeling evinced by the hostess towards this old customer.

But the servants, who knew their station too well to lay claim to much ceremony, what had he done to them to arouse their unlimited antipathy? Was he in the habit of finding fault with, or of using them harshly? Not at all. It would have been better had he done so, for even harsh treatment and scolding might have been construed into an acknowledgment—an odd one to be sure—but still a sort of acknowledgment, that he and they were fellow-

creatures; while, as it was, waiters and chambermaids felt as though lowered to the level of things. In fact it was less what he did than what he did not that galled them beyond endurance; it was his taking, save in strict matters of service, no notice of them whatever, his overlooking them, his ignoring their being. Not a nod of recognition on arriving, not a nod of farewell at parting,—the very fee he gave them was left with Madame Ferrollet. His orders, sparingly given, not seldom only by gestures, generally without even looking at the person from whom the service was demanded, were given to the generic waiter—never to the individual Paul or Peter. One or two unlucky fellows, new hands in the hotel, who had presumed to address him unchallenged, had received for their pains such a frown and such a stare as had taken from them all wish to repeat the experiment. A man in whom pride amounted almost to a disease, Baron Gaston de Kerdiat belonged to the same school as that lady of the old *régime* who dressed in the presence of her footman, on the assumption that a valet was not a man. Servants, in this gentleman's eyes, were not men, but useful flesh-and-blood machines to be had for hire, and so long as he paid them that hire, he considered himself quits with them. Had the question been put to him, whether he believed servants to have souls, he would have been puzzled to answer. Certainly he used them as though they had none.

This absurd system was not of the Baron's own invention, nor, I suspect, of that of the lady of the *ancien régime* just mentioned. The Baron had found it established and acted upon in his home, and had continued its practice. Perhaps, had he chosen any other career than that of arms, he might have met with such difficulties in its application as might have led to its modification. But our Baron had been in

the army from 1830 to 1848, had always had soldiers for servants, and with men fashioned by iron discipline into machines, the machine system had succeeded very well.

This experience of eighteen years was so unanswerably conclusive in favour of the excellence of his method, that when it seemed to fail, as it did as soon as he adopted the life of a civilian, and could only choose his servants from among civilians, he attributed the failure rather to the wickedness of a whole class, or to his ill-luck, than to the faultiness of the principle upon which he had acted so long; and instead of changing his ways changed his servants, which was the case, on an average, every second month during the five years intervening between 1848 and 1853. It was in 1848 that he had returned to the life of a civilian. On the same day on which the second republic was proclaimed in France Gaston resigned his commission, sacrificing a brilliant career, and his right to a handsome pension in a few years, to what he conceived to be his duty to his name, to his political creed, and to his royal master.

The first republic, it must be known, had brought about the ruin of the family from which he sprung, one of the oldest and wealthiest families of La Vendée. Most of its numerous members had perished either on the scaffold or in encounters with the "Blues." His ancestral château had been razed to the ground, his ancestral lands laid waste, whole villages of his destroyed; and what fire and sword had spared had been sold as national property. No wonder that the Baron abominated the reality — nay, the word descriptive of that reality, in the name of which his family had been exterminated, and himself reduced to poverty.

The gallery of the Hotel de l'Europe overlooked the yard, and as at that moment, owing to the bad weather, it was empty, the only scope for the Baron's observation was the rain pouring down in torrents. The only living object in view, dimly distinguishable through the descending sheets of water, was a young man on the other side of the gallery, exactly opposite to where the Baron mused and smoked. This young man, from his occupation, was evidently a servant, for, in fact, he was busy brushing, one after the other, a heap of clothes lying on a chair by his side. He performed this task with a conscientiousness rarely evinced by a domestic, every now and then subjecting some article already put aside to a fresh examination,

and adding what was probably a supererogatory brushing. It was a pleasure to see with what tender care he folded coats, waistcoats, and pantaloons, and laid them on a second chair with as much caution and gentleness as though they had been so many babies. All the while he was whistling *sotto voce*, an air from the *Trovatore*. As soon, however, as he caught sight of the Baron which he did during one of his brushing evolutions, he stopped whistling, and proving himself as respectful as conscientious, he so arranged his chairs as to avoid the necessity of turning his back on his opposite neighbour, — an attention which was quite lost on that gentleman.

A more good-natured countenance than that exhibited by this young man it would be difficult to conceive. It was in the highest degree frank and open, and Nature had stereotyped on it a smile of good-humour and good-will, which it was impossible not to notice, and once having noticed, not to sympathize with. Indeed, the milk of human kindness must have stood at boiling-point with him, not to have been frozen by the stern aspect and knitted brows of the Baron. On the contrary, he seemed rather attracted than repulsed, for, between one brushing and the other, he cast a sympathetic glance at his moody *vis-à-vis*; nay, after a little, having thus prepared the way he hazarded in the same direction a slight motion of the head, accompanied by a deprecating look at the sky, as much as to say — Did you ever see such weather?

Baron de Kerdiat was so far from dreaming that such a liberty could be taken with him, that he looked over his shoulder in search of the person telegraphed to, and seeing no one, turned sharply round and stared fiercely at the presumptuous young fellow, who, in his simplicity, conjecturing from the stare that the meaning of his pantomime had not been understood, attempted to make it more explicit by pointing with his fingers to the lowering heavens, and with an apologetic smile, said "What weather!"

The Baron, with a furious frown, started from his leaning posture, drew himself up to his full height, his chin elevated sideways, as if in defiance, an habitual gesture with him when displeased — and God knows what he was going to say or do in vindication of his offended dignity, when happily at that moment a heavy loaded diligence rattled into the yard with a deafening noise, and the interest afforded by so important an event put an end, for the time being, to all hostility. Instantly the whole household, armed with umbrellas, was astir round the huge

machine; men, women, children—a full cargo—were helped out of the interior and the rotunda, and safely landed on dry ground, but nobody troubled themselves about the *coupé*. Had the *conducteur* forgotten that there was a passenger in the *coupé*, an old lady with hair as white as snow? She had managed with great difficulty to open the door, and stood now with one foot on the steps, a picture of helplessness and perplexity. The Baron who had, from the first, followed the movements of this lady with a certain anxiety, perceiving her awkward and somewhat dangerous predicament, shouted from the gallery, "Look to the lady in the *coupé*! Somebody help her!"

The order was no sooner given than, as if by magic, it was already obeyed. The Baron's words had scarcely been pronounced, when the squire of the brush, as though he had flown thither, was at the door of the *coupé*, had lifted out the old lady, and, under cover of his open umbrella, had carried her bodily into the house. All this had been done in a twinkling with a care and a gentleness, of which only an eye-witness could form an idea. "Very good," thought the Baron, "the man can do something better than grin at his superiors." And the gentleman's heart relented towards the offender. The lady in question, be it remembered, was an entire stranger to the Baron. Her title to his interest was her age and her silver hair. Hard and stern as he was, there was nevertheless a soft spot in his heart, the spot in which was enshrined the sacred memory of the faithful friend and stay of his youth, of her who had replaced his mother, too soon lost, alas!—the memory of his aged grandmother. All old ladies with white locks reminded him of this, his second parent, and for her sake were sacred in his eyes.

At half-past twelve, the usual dinner hour, the Baron took his place at the *table-d'hôte*, and on leaving the dining-room, went, as was his wont, to the bureau, or counting-house, where Madame Ferrollet used to sit, to pay his bill and say good-bye before departing. He never stopped long at the hotel—arriving in the evening, he generally left on the following afternoon in the diligence for Bonneville, the same which had arrived so seasonably that morning.

"By-the-bye," said the Baron, as he turned to leave the room, "could you recommend me a good servant?"

"Yes," said Madame, "not only a good, but an excellent one."

"Ah! is he a Savoyard?"

"No; a Piedmontese."

The Baron puckered up his nostrils like one affronted by a bad smell.

"When a Piedmontese is good," continued Madame, "I assure you he's not so by half."

"May be so, but I want a Savoyard."

"I am sorry for Carlino's sake; our late Prefect, who was also a Piedmontese, could never say enough in praise of his honesty and intelligence. He placed unlimited confidence in Carlino, indeed treated him more like a friend than a servant."

"That alone would deter me from taking your *protégé*. He would not suit me. It is my habit to treat a servant as a servant, and not as a friend," said the Baron, dryly.

"Ah! well, I am very sorry for Carlino," repeated the landlady.

"Since you think so highly of him, why don't you engage him yourself?"

"I should be glad to do so, but he objects to remaining in Chambery; he has been offered a good situation in more than one family, but since his master's death, which occurred here quite unexpectedly, the poor fellow cannot bear the town."

"If this Carlino be the person that I suppose, I must say that he looks anything but inconsolable."

"Nevertheless he is so, I can assure you; by nature he is lively and good-humoured, but only name his late master to him, and see if his eyes do not fill with tears. He longs to leave this to see more of the world. I have kept him here up to this time, hoping to find him a situation such as he wishes."

Monsieur le Baron hoped she would succeed in this as in everything else, and took his leave.

At a couple of hours from Chambery on the Bonneville road lies the village of Castex, and a few hundred paces farther on rises in view, isolated on a hillock, a huge square building surrounded by vineyards. It is called in the neighborhood, we suppose by courtesy, "The Castle." The Baron and his portmanteau were put down at the gate of this mansion. This was the goal of his present, as it had been for nearly the quarter of a century of all his visits to Savoy. The Castle was owned and inhabited by his paternal uncle, the Vidame of Kerdiat, a gentleman now past eighty years of age. This uncle and nephew were the only extant representatives of the once numerous and flourishing family of Kerdiat, and consequently set a high value on one another. From the ceremony of their manners, when together, you might have supposed them to be two dethroned princes. The Baron professed the highest reverence for the Vidame, inasmuch as he was the head of the family.

The Vidame on his side respected in the Baron the heir-presumptive of the family, and the restorer that was to be of its fortunes. All which reverence and respect did not prevent their boring each other to death, an effect which greatly helped to abridge the Baron's visits. The tie between them was that of family pride, not of family affection.

The Vidame's story is soon told. Having a club foot, and rendered unfit thereby for the army, he emigrated in 1792, being then only twenty years of age. He chose Savoy as his place of voluntary exile, and followed the fallen fortunes of the house of that name until their restoration in 1815. He then returned to France. Like most emigrants, he had forgotten nothing, learned little, and fancied in his elation that the return of the legitimate branch of the Bourbons to the throne implied the return of each and all of its adherents to their ancient privileges, dignities, and fortunes. In this he was soon undeceived, as it was only with the greatest difficulty that out of the *milliard* of indemnity assigned to emigrants, he succeeded in having allotted to the family of which he was the representative a few hundred thousand francs, a sum, in fact, not equal to what had once been their yearly income. However, he pocketed the money — necessity has no law — and shook the dust of his ungrateful country off his shoes. He went back to Savoy, paid his debts, and bought the Castle and its grounds. From that time his temper grew sour, and he took to satirizing friends and foes; legitimists, quasi-legitimists, the second republic, and the second empire all had their turn. He became, in short, a sort of Talleyrand *au petit pied* — certainly, like his model, he made no secret of his contempt for mankind. Just now, the chief objective, as the Germans would say, of his satire was Victor Emmanuel and his Italian aspirations. Now and then, by way of variety, he would treat his nephew to a bird's-eye view of the family splendours, count castles, villages, and steeples, describe the fêtes given on the occasion of the Dauphin's birth, &c. Lately he often repeated the same stories, and had grown rather confused as to names and dates; not much wonder at his age.

After three weeks or so of this diet our Baron had had enough of it, and took his departure. His efforts to find a servant in the adjoining village had been unavailing; two or three heavy clumsy fellows had applied for the situation, whose appearance alone would have been an insurmountable objection, even had they in all other respects suited the Baron. And so he would have

to go as he came, that is, without a servant; and this vexed him not a little. The Vidame improved the occasion to read him, in his usual cynical tone, a lecture on this topic. "The seed of good servants," pronounced the old gentleman, "is lost, as well as that of many other good things. You will find nothing of the kind, neither under this latitude or that. Servants now-a-days, whatever their nationality — Savoyards, French, Italian, Poles, or Belgians — are all alike thieves, and scoundrels, and the born enemies of their masters to boot. The safest plan is to hire the cleverest you can pick up — a clever man is more likely than a stupid one to plunder you *cum sale discretionis*, in order to make his gains last longer; 'Pelar la quaglia, e non la far gridare' ('to plume the quail without making it cry'), as the Italians say, who are masters in that sort of trade."

Whether owing to this tirade, or the result of reflection alien to it, thus far it is certain, that the first thing the baron did on reaching the Hotel de l'Europe, was to go to Madame Ferrollet's parlour, and after the customary inquiry about her health, to ask if her *protégé* was still in the house. The answer being in the affirmative, he then begged her to send Carlino to his room within the next half-hour.

The newly-arrived traveller was stooping over his open portmanteau with his back to the door, when there came a gentle rap, and upon a sonorous *Entrez*, in came on tip-toe, smiling good-naturedly, our squire of the brush, a wiry, middle-sized, well-figured young man of five-and-twenty. Not handsome, but agreeable-looking, Carlino had none of the marked characteristics of an Italian; his complexion was clear, his eye hazel, his hair chestnut. The Baron glanced at him from over his shoulder, perceiving which the Italian hastened to make a profound obeisance. Taking no notice of it, the Frenchman resumed the review of the contents of his trunk.

After a pause, and without changing posture, he said curtly, "You are looking for a situation, and wish to leave Savoy, I am told."

"Yes, Monsieur le Baron; and I shall consider myself very fortun —"

"Do you understand how to manage horses?" interrupted the Baron.

"Yes; I had the care of —"

"I mean," continued the Baron, cutting him short, "are you a good groom, and can you ride?"

"I was going to explain that my late master —" A knot rose in the poor fellow's throat, and stopped his speech.

"I did not ask you about your late master," said the Baron, peevishly.

"I beg your pardon," replied Carlino, abashed; "I meant to say that — in my last place I had the care of two horses, and they were as well groomed as any in Chambery."

"Very well, that is one point settled; you will have besides to keep my apartment in order, clean my boots: in short, perform all the duties of a servant."

"Yes, Monsieur le Baron; I know also how to cook."

"There's no occasion for that; I do not take my meals at home; only a cup of coffee in the morning, if you can make it. You can? — so much the better. The wages I give are a hundred francs a month, and you find yourself; will that do?"

"Perfectly, Monsieur le Baron."

"You bore me with your 'Monsieur le Baron'; 'Monsieur' is enough. Well then, be ready to start at seven this evening. Of course I take you on trial."

"I hope and trust that my zeal —"

"You are too talkative," interrupted the Baron. "Your late master, I am aware, allowed you more freedom than I am disposed to do. Keep this in mind — I hire you as my SERVANT" (the word doubly underlined). "And as to zeal — the less of it the better. Now you may go."

With this bucket of cold water on his head, Carlino made another low bow, and more bewildered than pleased, yet on the whole glad to have found a situation that took him to Paris, he went to announce his good fortune to Madame Ferrollet, and to the household in general, and having received their congratulations, something reserved from those who knew the Baron best, hastened to pack up his clothes. His reflections while thus occupied were not entirely of a rosy hue. When he contrasted the harsh tones, the distant manner, the imperious ways of his new master, with the gentle voice, the gracious familiarity, the friendliness of his late one, his heart misgave him, and for the first time he feared that the life of a servant might not always be the realization of that *beau-ideal* which up to this hour he had taken for granted it was.

Carlino, we may say, was born a servant, by which we mean that nature had intended and constituted him for one. All the instincts, energies, and bent of his being lay in that direction, and once having reached it, found full scope and satisfaction in that condition. He could conceive nothing within his range which he should prefer. To be dependent on some person in a position above his own, to have some one to please,

to make comfortable, to look up to, to attach himself to, was a constitutional want with Carlino. Was his new master likely to satisfy this need? This was the question which in a rather confused shape now perplexed his mind and dimmed for a moment the lustre of his good-humoured smile. Only for a moment. Carlino was not the man to give way to despondency. His buoyancy and self-reliance — he had a large share of both — soon returned, and got the upper hand of his misgivings. He laid a wager with himself that, within a month, he would, by dint of care and attention, propitiate this gruff master of his.

Carlino was ready and under arms long before the specified hour. When the fatal moment of departure really came, the whole establishment, headed by Madame Ferrollet, accompanied him as far as the *porte cochère*, and then followed endless kissings and shakings of hands, and good wishes, and recommendations to write, the whole interspersed with much weeping. Carlino, as he followed his master up the street, could scarcely see his way for blinding tears. The Baron, who had already taken his lofty farewell of the hostess, was, and looked, inexpressibly disgusted with all this fuss and sentimentality. At last it was over: but no — a new trial awaited master and servant at the coach-office. A group of the latter's acquaintances had assembled there to bid him farewell, and a new and augmented edition of kisses, hand-shakings, hopes, and what not, illustrated by sobs, and ohs! and ahs! was the consequence. Carlino was once more transformed into a fountain. The Baron could stand it no longer. To escape from the offensive scene, he took refuge in his corner of the *coupé* from which he could not see what was passing without, nor, among other things, his servant, in spite of his heartache, running up the ladder leaning against the diligence, to make sure with his own eyes of the safety of his master's luggage. In a few minutes more Carlino installed himself in the *rotonde*, and the huge vehicle moved on towards Lyons. No railroad at that time existed between Lyons and Chambery.

At the first change of horses, Carlino, now quite himself again, got out, and stationed himself by his master's side of the *coupé*, within reach of his voice, whereupon the Frenchman, frowning ominously, turned his head the other way, with a pretence of not having seen him. This course of action was repeated and persevered in by both parties at every stage between Chambery and Lyons. The same at all the stoppages

on the railroad from Lyons to Paris, with this trifling difference, that latterly Carlino stood in a pouring rain, and that his master no longer made a pretence of not seeing him, but actually did not see him, being comfortably fast asleep.

They reached Paris — the rain falling as fast as ever — at nine in the evening, and half-an-hour later were knocking at the *porte cochère* of the Baron's abode, Rue Madame. The *concierge*, light in hand, opened the door forthwith, and taking charge of the Baron's trunk (Carlino carried his own and his master's carpet bag), led the way to the first story, and proceeded to open a door. The Baron, turning to Carlino, said, "I do not want you to-night; the *concierge* will show you your room, and give you a light, and also a key of my apartment. Call me to-morrow morning at eight." This said, he entered the apartment.

The *concierge* led Carlino up three flights of stairs to his room, an attic, and there left him, as the Baron had ordered, with a lighted candle and a key of the apartment below, and the addition of a civil good-night.

The young man went at once to the bed, of which he stood in great want. Folding down the counterpane, he discovered there were no sheets; he had too often slept on hay to mind for one night the absence of the comfort of linen. He wound up his silver watch with great care, undressed in a twinkling, and in less time than it takes to write it was sleeping the sleep of the just.

CHAPTER II.

WITH the first dawn of day Carlino awoke as usual, got up, went to the window and opened it. A sea of roofs, bristling with chimneys innumerable, stretched before him as far as eye could reach. Now and then in the distance, emerging from the white September mist rose towering over the rest a cupola, a spire, a column, like the gigantic mast of some leviathan ship. This then is Paris, thought he, and making a mock bow, he added, this time aloud, "Very glad to make your acquaintance, my dear sir." He was in capital spirits, and disposed, as you see, to be humorous; he was also very hungry, as hungry as a young man is likely to be who has tasted no food for the last twenty hours. The remedy was at hand; he drew from his trunk half of a big loaf, and a packet containing slices of sausage, and fell to *con amore*.

While munching his bread and sausage Carlino took a survey of his attic. The result was satisfactory. It was newly pa-

pered, and had an air both neat and gay: a bed, a capital iron one, two chairs, a small table on which were a waterless ewer and basin, and on the wall a wooden Nuremberg clock, constituted the whole of the furniture, plenty and to spare for a man of Carlino's habits. All the articles, bedding included, were not only new and clean, but free even from dust, which some provident hand must have lately removed. There was no fireplace, but our young valet was so little accustomed to one that he did not remark the hiatus. Lodged like a prince, thought he, and mounting on a chair he wound up the clock, setting it by his watch. This done, it was just half-past five, he locked his room door, and went down to his master's apartment.

Intent on not being heard, he turned the key in the lock with all the care of a thief, and entered on tiptoe a small lobby or ante-room, at the farther end of which were two doors at right angles; one was closed, the other ajar. Still using infinite caution, he pushed this last and found himself in a room of good dimensions, the destination of which as *salle à manger* was evidenced past all doubt by the heavy sideboards round it and the large oval table which stood in the centre. This *salle à manger* communicated by an inner door, happily at this moment wide open, with a passage leading, on one side to the kitchen, on the other to a good-sized sitting-room, longer than broad, a kind of study or library, hung with family pictures, below which, running all its length, were glazed bookcases. Between the two windows, placed in the breadth of the room, stood a huge something, and at the extremity *vis-à-vis* another huge something, both these mysterious objects carefully hid under a cover of green serge. Carlino, who was not a son of Eve for nothing, peeped under the serge, and discovered a collection of costly weapons, both ancient and modern, artistically arranged. The door at the farther end of this study being shut, Carlino thought it more prudent not to push his voyage of discovery any farther, for fear of perchance blundering into his master's room two hours too soon; so back he went to the kitchen.

Here an agreeable surprise awaited him; the first thing that caught his eye, protruding from the wall, just above the sink, was a cock, which, on being turned, gave forth an abundant supply of water. He had heard of dirty Auvergnats carrying water to the apartments in Paris, and of so much being paid for every bucket of water, a practice he considered as both unnatural and degrading; therefore great was his relief at finding himself free from this double nuisance.

He drank a good draught to help down the sausage, and improved the occasion to make his morning ablutions.

The kitchen was small, but airy and well lighted; the cooking utensils were *rari nantes* in it. One can see at a glance, thought he, with a melancholy shake of the head, that the master does not take his meals at home. In the course of his further investigations he came upon a heap of charcoal deposited under the stove, and found in a drawer a parcel of raw coffee, a machine for roasting it, and close by a coffee mill. In a moment he had lighted a fire, and to utilize the time the charcoal would take to be red-hot, he went to give air, sweep the dust, and set in order the rooms left at his disposal—a short and easy task, seeing that the apartment had evidently been taken good care of in the absence of the occupier. We forgot to say that he had found a broom behind the door of the kitchen, and plenty of dusters in a cupboard.

The rooms arranged, he returned to find his charcoal well ignited, so he roasted and ground some coffee, and set a jug of water all but boiling by the side of the fire. By the time all this was done it was scarcely half-past seven. Carlino was suddenly reminded of the trophies of the study by the sight of a piece of chamois leather, and he saw no reason why he should not employ the half hour still at his disposal in cleaning some of the costly weapons. Accordingly to the study he went, partly raised one of the serge covers, and took down the first articles within his reach, a brace of pistols, a cangiar, and a dagger, and set to work rubbing. At the first stroke of eight from a neighbouring clock he put aside his unfinished task, and knocking first at the closed door, entered what really proved to be the Baron's bedroom.

"Good morning, sir, it is just striking eight," said Carlino. Monsieur gave a grunt. "I hope that Monsieur has passed a good night. Shall I open the blinds?" Another grunt. Carlino opened the blinds and as he shut the window, added, "As fine a day as ever a Christian could see." All these queries and remarks were against rules, and it was high time to check the fellow's familiarity. "Thank God, I have eyes of my own to see whether it is fine or not without being told," such was the gracious reply, in the most cantankerous of voices, which Carlino got for his pains. "Shall I bring the coffee?" asked he a little abashed. "Some warm water first; I will ring when I am ready for coffee."

Baron Gaston was disposed to be more snappish than usual. The fact is he felt a

grudge against his new servant for having so soon recovered, and to all appearance so entirely, from the intemperate grief he had shown on leaving his Chambery friends. "The fellow has no heart," was the verdict passed on him by the Baron. And where is the wonder? Are machines expected to have hearts?

Monsieur had his warm water, rung for his coffee, and went to his study; Carlino, broom in hand, was just beginning to arrange the bed-room, when a furious pull at the bell made him rush into his master's presence. The Baron, in dressing-gown and slippers, was standing by the table, upon which lay the pistols, the cangiar, and the dagger. "Who gave you leave to touch these things?" asked he, with a look of Radamanthus.

"I beg your pardon," faltered Carlino, "I thought it was part of my duty——"

"You need never think," retorted the Baron; "I forbid you most positively ever to meddle with these arms, or so much as to look at them. I already told you I would have no zeal. Now go."

To have no zeal, forsooth! To exact that from Carlino was as much as to exact from the flame not to burn upwards, from the water not to run downwards. He was saturated with zeal, boiling over with zeal, made of zeal—zeal was the very essence of his being. The Baron's words cut the poor fellow to the quick. To be lowered to the level of an automaton, *who need not think*, and must only act when bidden—it was hard to bear, especially for a man who has been the right hand of his former master, and without whose advice not so much as a piece of furniture was displaced in that master's household. However, the first smart over, he bore the blow patiently—bore it because it was in his nature to be patient, and also because he knew his own worth, and was supported by the hope, nay, by the certainty, that his master would find it out in the course of time, and end by coming round.

At half-past twelve Carlino was ordered to ask the *cochierge* for the key of the stables, and to bring out the horse and groom it in the courtyard. The house was one *entre cour et jardin*, and the Baron, while dressing, could watch the proceeding from the window of the *cabinet de toilette* adjoining his bedroom. Presently he appeared downstairs, hat and gloves on, and bidding Carlino have the horse saddled at two o'clock, went out. Carlino just ran up to the apartment, and locked the door, as he had been accustomed to do when no one was at home, and then returned to his grooming. At

two precisely Monsieur was back, and in the saddle.

Carlino was struck dumb when he returned to the apartment to find the door wide open, and a man in shirt-sleeves, apparently quite at home, dancing in an odd sort of fashion up and down the dining-room. This person had a peculiar brush fastened to his right foot by a leather strap.

"What are you doing?" asked Carlino.

"What am I doing?" repeated the intruder, "don't you see? — *Je frotte*."

"How did you get in?" asked Carlino.

"Apparently through the door," answered the *frotteur* who seemed vastly diverted by the other's perplexed face.

"But I had locked the door," objected Carlino.

"And I unlocked it," rejoined the *frotteur*, never discontinuing his mysterious evolutions.

"Then you had a key?"

"Certainly — the *concierge* gave me his as he always does when there is no one in the apartment."

Carlino went at once to the porter's lodge, and received full confirmation of the *frotteur's* statement. He made no remark, contenting himself with keeping a quiet eye upon the unknown functionary. Nevertheless, the proceeding seemed to him too irregular, and involving his personal responsibility too much, to be passed over without observation. Therefore, no sooner did the Baron return, than he felt it his duty to report the case. He said, "The *frotteur* has been here, sir."

"What if he has?" growled the Baron.

Carlino went on, "I had locked the door of the apartment, while I finished grooming the horse, and he came in with the *concierge's* key."

"And what if he did?"

"Monsieur understands," went on Carlino, "that if strangers can come in at their pleasure——"

"I see what it is," interrupted the Baron, "two of a trade cannot agree."

"It is not that, sir, but——"

"I will have no squabbings — do you hear? Leave things as they are, and do not meddle with what is no business of yours, or we shall part before long."

Carlino would have persisted, but his master went in, banging the door after him.

Not many minutes after, the ringing of the study bell summoned him again to his master's presence. "I am going out; you are free to do what you please till ten o'clock. If I am not home by that time, leave a lighted lamp in the ante-room, and go to bed." Having said this, the Baron again went out.

It was then nearly six o'clock. By seven Carlino, having finished all he had to do in the house and in the stables, went to a neighbouring small restaurant, and had a dish of meat and potatoes with bread *ad libitum*. He was a great bread eater, but abstemious as to wine. His hunger appeased, he took a stroll in the garden of the Luxembourg close by. Long before nine he was at home again; he lighted a candle, and read a few pages of "Le Novelle del Soave" — a gift from the defunct prefect. This book constituted all Carlino's library — he never tired of reading it again and again, nor of falling asleep over its leaves, as now was actually the case. The striking of ten o'clock roused him from his pleasant doze, and at once he lighted a lamp and placed it in the ante-room. Having obeyed implicitly the one-half of his orders, why not the other? — because zeal, that terrible enemy of his, whispered in his ear that he had better sit up a little longer. He yielded to the prompting, and fell profoundly asleep.

The grating of the key in the lock startled him out of his slumbers. "What are you doing here?" asked the Baron sternly.

"I beg pardon. I thought Monsieur might perhaps want me."

"I told you once before you were not to think, but to do as you were bid. Let me catch you again here after ten o'clock, and you are discharged." These last words were pronounced in such a tone as to leave a deep impression on Carlino's mind that they conveyed no empty threat. In silence he took up his candle, and went to his attic, saying to himself, "What a bear of a master I have chanced on!"

Days and weeks passed by, and the glacier showed no signs of thawing — in other words, there was no coaxing or forcing M. le Baron, even for a moment, out of his distant manner and uncommunicative ways. Every attempt on Carlino's part to trespass beyond the magic circle of his strictly official business was as resolutely repulsed, and as sharply resented as on the first day. One morning among others (to quote a last instance of the ferocious jealousy with which this gentleman guarded from any infringement what we suppose he considered his dignity), one morning Carlino had had a beautiful dahlia given to him, we will say by whom by-and-by. Among the gimcracks scattered on a table in the study, which at that moment he was dusting, he had often noticed a small vase, in the shape of a lotus, seemingly destined to hold flowers; and it occurred to him that his dahlia would just suit it. So he half filled the vase with

water, and placed the dahlia in it. An hour or so after, Monsieur went into the study. A tremendous ring at the bell brought Carlino running to the study. "Who put that flower there?" asked Monsieur, in his iciest tone. "I did," said Carlino, more smiling than ever. "Then remove it this instant," was the retort, "and take no such liberty in future. When I want flowers, I know where to buy them."

Bating such occasional rebuffs, and the smart attaching to the denial of all fellow-feeling which they implied, Carlino had in other respects nothing to complain of, and much to be thankful for in his new situation. To begin with, his master, if not kind, which he certainly was not, neither was he unkind; if he never praised, neither did he ever find fault, so long as not intruded on. And in a man so rigidly undemonstrative as was the Baron, this negative mood might be interpreted as a tacit acknowledgment of the goodness of the service, and of his satisfaction with it. For, it need scarcely be said, with a person of Carlino's experience and good-will, the service went on like clock-work. This result, we must add, was greatly helped by the Baron's methodical habits and even tenour of life, high merits in Carlino's eyes, and indeed in those of all really good servants, and for which he was truly grateful. Then, the situation in itself could scarcely have been better. There was certainly plenty to do, both in the apartment and in the stables, but not more than an active young man could manage without being overworked. Then he was his own master from six to ten. His wages were considerable, far more than what he had had from the late prefect; and he had calculated that with his sober habits he might, without pinching himself, save fifty francs a month, lay by twenty-four pounds a year. Quite a treasure! He could accomplish this the more easily as he had found, to his grateful surprise, that his master paid for his washing, though this item had not been mentioned in their verbal agreement.

With Carlino's character, it was a mere matter of course that he should be on the best terms with the *concierge* and his wife, as with all the other servants in the house. Indeed, who could help being pleased with his cheerful, honest face, and obliging ways? Last, not least, he had made a friend, found a confidante, in the giver of the dahlia, Mademoiselle Victorine, his neighbour in the attic, the lady's maid and *souffre douleur* of the Marchioness of the second floor. Mademoiselle Victorine was not a favourable specimen of a Parisian *soubrette*; she was small, red-haired (red hair was not yet

the fashion at that epoch), much freckled, and without being positively a humpback, made you think of one. Her mistress was not ashamed (at least the scandalous chronicle was positive on this point) to take advantage of these physical imperfections, serious impediments to the girl's finding a good place, to treat her as a slave, pay her very small wages, and literally starve her. Victorine had an old mother, whom she managed out of her small earnings to keep from dying, and for the sake of that mother suffered uncomplainingly, nay, cheerfully. This acquaintance, which soon ripened into a real friendship, was precious to Carlino in many ways. It opened a safety-valve to his pent-up communicativeness, satisfied in a reasonable degree his cravings for sympathy, and by a natural comparison of Victorine's lot with his, reconciled him with his own. Contrasting it with that of this poor drudge, who was poorly paid, underfed, systematically scolded and ridiculed, obliged to wait up till her worldly mistress came home at two and three in the morning — contrasting, we repeat, his life and hers, Carlino might consider himself a spoilt child of fortune. Carlino felt for her, paid her all the little attentions in his power, cheered her when despondent, took her whenever she was free, not often the case, for a walk in the garden of the Luxembourg, or to the quays to see the shops, and admire the engravings there exposed for sale, for Victorine had a taste for art.

Of love-making between them there could be no question. Victorine, setting aside her personal defects, might have been his mother; and it was the tone of a mother, or of an elder sister, affectionate with a little infusion of superior wisdom, that she had adopted, and never wavered from, with him. Carlino rarely went out only for a walk, especially since the days were short; his dinner at the wine-shop once over, he went up to his garret, and employed himself, either mending his clothes — he was a capital hand at the needle — or in playing on an instrument, resembling a brass comb, some one or other of his national airs. In this poor pocket harmonica consisted all the poetry of Carlino's existence. It evoked the vine-clad hills of his Piedmontese birth-place, it brought before him the familiar faces of father and mother long since gone to their rest, it reminded him of the joys and trials of his boyhood. It had stood by him like a faithful friend from his earliest years, and had soothed many a bitter pang. It was the muse of his melancholy hours, neither many nor of long duration. Once the tiny instrument was re-

placed in its case, and the moisture rubbed from his eyes, Carlino was himself again, that is to say, the buoyant, hopeful, warm-hearted creature nature had meant him to be.

The only person within the circle of Carlino's acquaintance, his relations with whom left much to be desired in point of cordiality, was the *frotteur*. This last, a true son of Paris, was caustic and much given to quizzing; whereas the former, a true Piedmontese, was slow of repartee, and, like many greater men, unable to enjoy a joke at his own expense. So there was no love lost between them. Carlino looked upon the *frotteur* as a nuisance and an intruder, and the *frotteur* on his side divined anything but a well-wisher in the Italian. The hebdomadal visit of this functionary was a thorn in Carlino's flesh. He felt it to be not only provoking, but degrading, to have to wait the pleasure of this floor-rubber in order to give the last finishing touches to his apartment. Was it not alike the duty and the right of a good servant to do all that had to be done in the apartment confided to his care? Then Zeal, that irrepressible Zeal, which could not be kept down, again whispered in his ear that to pay this jackanapes fifteen francs a month for what he, Carlino, could and would do for nothing, was throwing money out of the window.

Actuated by these feelings, Carlino determined to learn how to frotter—a very easily acquired talent—and thus dispense with the services of this interloper. To this end he carefully watched the various phases of the frotteing process, and once having mastered them, bought the various necessary implements, and began, when alone, practising the art on his own account. This, however, could not be done for any time without leaving traces, which in the long-run did not escape, any more than their drift, the experienced eye of the *frotteur en titre*. Thereupon the threatened functionary lost not a moment in complaining to Carlino's master, alleging that the Piedmontese, with his clumsy attempts to frotter, spoiled the *parquet*. The Baron, much against the grain, demanded an explanation of his servant. Carlino gave it, and candidly admitted that he had practised frotteing with a view to exercising the *frotteur's* functions himself, and indignantly repelled the charge of injuring the floor.

The Baron, who had listened with undisguised impatience to Carlino's prolix statement, said, "The short and the long of it is, you want to pocket the fifteen francs a month."

"God forbid," protested Carlino; "what I wanted was to save Monsieur the unnecessary outlay of a hundred and eighty francs a year."

Carlino was really appalled by the fearful and sudden change in his master's countenance. The Baron grew purple, and his eyes burned like carbuncles.

"Impudent boor!" cried he in a terrible passion; "who gave you leave to economize for me?" Carlino, terrified out of his wits, would have explained, but in vain. "Leave the room!" thundered his master, rising with a threatening gesture; "leave the room, or by all the saints . . . !"

What could be at the root of this sudden violence? Simply this, that the Baron was far from rich—indeed, for a man of his rank and tastes, he was positively poor, and ashamed of being poor. His ticklishness on this point amounted almost to mania. Any, even the most covert, hint at his straitened circumstances from an equal, he would have resented as an insult, which nothing but blood would wash away; coming from a menial, and as such beneath his vengeance, he felt it as a disgrace past help, "*le coup de pied de l'âne*," as a Frenchman would say. Why he did not at once dismiss the offender, remains a mystery. Carlino, who had never seen him in such a fury, expected his discharge; and, indeed, little cared if he did receive it, so disgusted was he with the Baron's ungraciousness. But having vented his spleen to his neighbour and confidante in the attic, her sympathy healed this wound also. Carlino was the last man to bear anybody malice, and least of all to the master whose bread he ate. A week had scarcely gone by, when he had quite recovered his equanimity and his look of contentment. Not so Monsieur, whose mien and voice, whenever he spoke to Carlino, betrayed from this day a concentrated feeling of irritation.

November arrived bringing along with it more than its ordinary train of mist, cold, and rain. One day Monsieur, who still went out riding, only at a much earlier hour than before, was caught in a heavy shower, and returned home wet to the skin. The consequence was a cold which, strong as a horse as he was, and still more self-willed, the Baron made light of. Though feeling far from well, and coughing a good deal, he rode as usual, went out in all weathers as usual, smoked as usual; as though bent on conquering by main force his indisposition. It proved, however, stronger than his will, as evinced by the fact that a day came—it was the fourth

since his wetting — when he felt unequal to going out. He had a large fire in the study, with a kettle of boiling water by its side, and spent all the day there wrapped in his dressing-gown. Carlino would have made him some *tisane*, or prepared some *bouillon* or vermicelli, or tapioca soup, but all these proposals met with a peremptory and ungracious "No." The Baron, like most old bachelors, had a system of his own for ailments — no food, and strong, hot grog. Seeing that he was not better on the morrow, on the contrary, that the fits of coughing were more frequent and violent, Carlino timidly ventured to suggest the expediency of sending for a doctor, a hint which was answered by "Don't bother me."

This was not to be the last of Carlino's indiscretions during that day. The Baron was worse towards evening and went to bed — his breathing was short and hoarse, his cough unceasing. Carlino felt uneasy, and great was his perplexity as ten o'clock approached. Was he, according to orders, to leave the Baron alone and helpless, in case he should grow worse, or was he to remain at hand, at the risk of perhaps being discharged? The balance was sure to incline to the side of zeal. Carlino tried to convince himself, and succeeded in doing so, that there was no chance of Monsieur, ill as he was, getting up to wander about the apartment. On the strength of this conviction, Carlino took off his shoes, and with a beating heart sat down on a chair in the study, and listened. The study, as we know, was contiguous to the Baron's bed-chamber, and the least sound in the one room, were it nothing but a sigh, could be heard in the other.

For a good couple of hours the Baron's incessant cough kept Carlino wide awake; but then there came a lull, and exhausted nature began to assert its rights. Carlino's eyelids grew first heavy, then closed, and sleep stole over him. Now a man sleeping in an awkward and inconvenient position, though not an habitual snorer, is apt to emit now and then guttural or nasal sounds of considerable intensity. Such was just the case with Carlino, who, after a series of moderate snorts, was betrayed into one so much louder than the rest, that he awoke himself with the sound. He listened for awhile — complete silence prevailed, and he resolved on a speedy retreat. He rose from his chair with the greatest precaution, and groped for his shoes; he had just caught hold of them, when the door of communication opened, and the Baron, candle in hand, appeared on the threshold.

"Dogging me, are you?" said the gentleman, icily. "I suspected as much — I will have no spies about me. You are discharged."

Had the Baron struck him Carlino would not have resented it half so much as he did the name of spy. Carlino, be it remembered, came from a country enslaved for ages, and where the trade of spy had flourished and was still flourishing, to the disgust and abhorrence of all honest-hearted people. The greatest insult which could be offered an Italian was to call him a spy. No wonder, then, that, humble and submissive as he was, Carlino winced and smarted under the infliction, just as a quiet, well-broken horse will do when the lash falls upon a sore place.

He said with some dignity: "I have sinned against Monsieur's orders, and Monsieur has a right to dismiss me, if he please; but Monsieur has no right to call me a spy."

"Indeed," sneered the Baron.

"Yes, indeed," continued Carlino, warmly; "my late master was a first-rate Liberal; he knew me from my boyhood, and would not have given his confidence to a spy."

"What is the man raving about?" said the Baron, in unaffected surprise.

"I am not raving, but speaking the plain truth," replied Carlino. "Write to the Syndic of Bovino, my native place, and see if I am not telling the truth."

The Baron, who had no clue to his servant's peculiar train of thought, and consequent emotion, shrugged his shoulders and turned to go.

"Monsieur must be so good as to listen to me for another moment. I was not spying, I was giving Monsieur a proof of attachment . . ."

"Keep your attachment to yourself," retorted the Baron; "I don't want it."

"I know you don't, and the more's the pity," went on Carlino; "for permit me to tell you that you will never be well served except by an attached servant, and you will never have such a one unless you show that you value him. A man, though he is a servant, is not the less a man, with a man's feelings. You have some affection for your horse, you pat him on the neck, you encourage him with kind words when he is good. Why should you do less for a Christian who has a soul to be saved, just as you have?"

The bedroom door closed on these last words. Carlino picked up his shoes, and went up to his attic and to bed, where for the first time he slept but little, so heavily did the word spy weigh upon his mind.

For the first time, also, Carlino's bright smile was absent when he went the next morning, according to custom, to call Monsieur at eight o'clock.

"You have eight days to look for another situation," said Monsieur.

"Thank you," replied Carlino; "but I do not mean to seek for another here; I shall go back to my country."

"In that case," said the Baron, "I shall pay your journey."

"Monsieur is very good," said Carlino.

"I shall need some days to provide myself with a servant," added the Baron.

"As many as Monsieur pleases," assented Carlino. There was nothing either aggressive or conciliatory in the Baron's voice or manner—both were those of complete indifference.

Carlino, after serious reflection, had come to the conclusion that it would be better for him to give up strange lands and to seek for employment in his own country. His personal experience, aided by that of Mdlle. Victorine, had gone far to create in his mind a strong prejudice against French masters and mistresses, while his recollection of the prefect disposed him to invest the fellow-countrymen of that master and benefactor with the possession of all the best qualities. As to Paris, his stay had been too short to allow of his liking it enough to leave it with regret—he was glad to have seen it for the sake of being able to say that he had done so; but the huge metropolis, with its incessant noises, and rush of people and carriages, bewildered rather than attracted him. His only regret was for Mdlle. Victorine, that unfortunate creature who stood so much in need of a friend and comforter, and who was going to lose him, her sole comforter and friend.

The Baron was so much better as to be able to go out in the afternoon, but came home early and went to bed early. Five days passed as smooth as oil; strange faces came and remained closeted with Monsieur le Baron. On the afternoon of the sixth day, he said to Carlino, "You are at liberty to go, I have provided myself with a servant."

"I will leave to-morrow morning, if that suit Monsieur."

Carlino spent his leisure hours of that day, from six to ten, in thoroughly cleaning the kitchen, putting his things together, and in treating Mdlle. Victorine to a walk—her last walk with him. It was a very sad one, and Mdlle. Victorine returned from it nearly heart-broken.

Carlino rose on the following morning, as was his wont, with the dawn—he had not

had a wink of sleep, poor fellow! He arranged his room with the utmost nicety, and then made his way down-stairs. The door of the apartment on the second story was ajar. Mdlle. Victorine was lying in wait behind it. As Carlino was passing, she pushed it open, seized both his hands, and pressing something into one of them, said between one sob and another—"Keep this in remembrance of me. I dare not stop longer—Good-bye, and a good journey. God bless you, Carlino!"

"Thank you," said Carlino, also much moved; "I shall keep your present as a sacred relic till the last day of my life. God bless you also!" and so saying, he drew her close to him, and kissed her on each cheek, and then on the mouth, Italian fashion. Victorine's *souvenir* to Carlino was a silk purse, white, red, and green—the Italian colours—a work of patient affection, with which she had beguiled many a long hour of the night while sitting up for her mistress. Carlino folded up Victorine's keepsake in a sheet of clean paper, and put it in his pocket; then performed his customary work, lighted the fire, swept and dusted the rooms, that he might leave everything in order. As eight o'clock struck, he was just going to carry a jug of warm water to his master, when the door opened, and in came a tall black whiskered man, who asked whether the Baron was up.

"Are you the new servant?" inquired Carlino. The stranger answered that he was. "Well, take in the warm water, and tell your master that I am waiting his pleasure." The man returned presently, and said that the Baron would see Carlino by and by. Carlino ran up to his attic, brought down his trunk to the lodge, and begged the porter to fetch him a *citadine* at nine precisely. A good half hour after he had gone up-stairs again, the new servant brought him word that the Baron was at liberty to see him in the study.

Carlino, first knocking at the door, went in, and at sight of Monsieur seated as usual by the fire with a small desk before him, combined with the thought that he saw him for the last time, a lump rose in his throat, and he would have given something to have indulged in a good fit of crying; but he made an effort and adjourned that relief to the next moment of leisure. "Here are the keys of the apartment, Monsieur," said Carlino, steadying his voice as well as he could. "If I have offended Monsieur in word or deed, I hope Monsieur will believe that I erred through ignorance, and from no want of good-will or respect, and I humbly beg Monsieur's pardon. I wish Monsieur

good health, and all manner of happiness."

"Thank you," replied Monsieur. "I give you credit for having intended well. Here," handing Carlino some money, "are your wages for the present month — the rest for your journey. See if it is right."

"I have no doubt it is, sir," said Carlino, putting the money in his pocket.

"Well, then, good-bye. I wish you success in your own country."

"Many thanks to Monsieur," said Carlino, and, with a low obeisance, left the room.

His successor was waiting for him in the *salle à manger*, and said to him, "So you are off."

"Yes, I am," was Carlino's answer.

"Between us, is the place a good one?" asked the other, with a knowing wink.

"Excellent," said Carlino.

"Why then leave?"

"Because the air of Paris is bad for my chest. Good-day."

As he crossed the court on his way to the

lodge, Carlino turned round and saw Victorine all in tears at a window of the second story. She motioned to him with her handkerchief, and he waved his hand to her in return. This last farewell nearly brought about a crisis; all the pent-up emotions of the last twenty-four hours made a rush in search of an outlet, and it was in a most pitiable state that the poor young man took leave of the porter and his wife. At last he was in the *citadine* alone, and at liberty to keep the promise he had made to himself of a good cry. And he kept his promise so completely that the coachman had some difficulty in wrenching from him the explanation that he was to drive to the Lyons terminus.

Que voulez-vous? these lumps of flesh for hire, as Baron Gaston graphically defined servants — these nobodies will have feelings and cry their eyes out, and be miserable to their hearts' content, just as much as though they were somebodies. It is not to be borne.

In the Central Provinces of India, Sanskrit is being taught, through the medium of English, by Anglo-Sanskrit teachers in the Government schools. The number of students is 264. In this way the knowledge of the Sacred Writings and their contents is being disseminated, and the monopoly of the Brahmins is affected. At Nagpore one pupil is of the caste of weavers. The result is the awakening of the population, but the decline of great Sanskrit acquirements among the natives. In the Central Provinces no less than eleven languages are taught in the schools in numbers as follows: Hindi, 30,133; Mahrathi, 27,263; Oorva, 14,495; Oordoo, 4,348; English, 3,438; Teloo-goo, 672; Googera-thi, 375; Tamil, 398; Sanskrit, 284; Persian, 197; Arabic, 82. It is noticeable that none of the old aboriginal languages are taught — the Gondi, Ghuttesgurhee, Nimaree and Koyo. The teaching of the aboriginal languages is considered essential to the elevation of the races.

sinologue, in translating the Chinese classics, the work on which he is now engaged. As both these gentlemen are about to return to China, the books were offered by them to the trustees of the British Museum, who instantly secured the collection. Being books especially chosen to elucidate the older classical and historical works of China, they are of infinite value to students of Chinese literature.

It is generally supposed that the robins emigrate to the South during the winter months. From the following account in a Maine paper it would appear that such is not the case. Two gentlemen crossing the Sandwich mountains discovered a deep valley, and approaching it found it clothed with hemlock, spruce, fir and tamarack, growing so near together that it was with difficulty they made headway between them. Before they came to this growth the snow was over a foot in depth: after entering it was only six inches, the residue lying on the tops of the trees, making quite a roof and excluding much of the light of day. After making their way a few rods they were surprised to find the place an extensive robin "roost," occupied by thousands; and so thickly were they congregated that they might have killed numbers with their walking-sticks in crossing the premises from south to north — about thirty rods.

CHINESE BOOKS.—A large and valuable collection of Chinese books, consisting of upwards of 1,100 volumes, has recently been added to the Chinese Library at the British Museum. The books were brought to this country by Wang Taou, a learned Chinese scholar, who selected them in his native country with the view of their being of assistance to Dr. Legge, the great

From The Dublin University Magazine.
A GREEK HERCULANEUM.

WE all know how the little cities which have been so financially useful to Naples were discovered. People all along suspected their whereabouts; archæologists knew pretty well where they must be; but, till the predestined peasant was turning up his predestined field, no one attempted to make sure what their exact position below ground was. As soon as he had found the first stone the work went on, and before long two out of the three—for nobody thinks much of poor little Stabia—were brought to light.

Now, the buried town that I am going to speak about had never been thought of before, because nobody could possibly have known of its existence; it is (as we shall see by-and-by) pre-historic, it was and it ceased to be before the earliest men whose traditions have come down to us had come into being. It was found quite lately in Therasia, close to Santorin, the island of which Mr. Denman talks so much in his "Greek wines," and which furnishes not only its namesake wine, but also that mysterious beverage, which he catalogues as "St. Elie, the wine of night." The whole district is volcanic;—there is some sympathy between vine juice and those hidden forces which cause earthquakes and eruptions; does not Moselle chiefly come from the Eifel, a country of extinct volcanoes?

Not long ago there was a good deal of active disturbance under the sea round Santorin, a new island was formed, and in time duly figured in the *Illustrated News*. There were submarine eruptions, and the Santoriners felt something like the people of Catania do when *Ætna* is getting restless. This time, however, the volcanic power was merciful, and merely did what it had done 196 years B.C., when the islet of *Palæa Kameni* (old chimneys) was thrown up, and what it has repeated at intervals since, when reefs have been raised in various parts of the bay. Far different must have been the eruption which buried our little pre-historic town; it covered the whole island (considerably bigger then than it is now) with a shroud of pumice stone, twenty or thirty yards thick, and under this the ruins might have remained till the end of time, but for M. de Lesseps and his works.

From time immemorial the tufa or pumice of these islands has been quarried and mixed with lime to make a cement, something like the Italian *pouzzolano*, which has the property of hardening under water. Santorin stone, therefore, was as indispen-

sable wherever any harbour works were going on in the Mediterranean as our *lias* lime is in Holland whenever a dike wants mending. The isthmus of Suez has made the fortune of the islanders; they have been cutting away whole cliffs, "selling the picturesque at so much the cubic foot;" and, getting down at last to the original surface of the island, have discovered the remains of which I spoke, and of which M. Fouque, a French engineer employed on the spot, has just given a very full account.

First, then, let us get our geographical notions settled. Santorin is the most southern of the Cyclades, due south of Naxos and south-east of Melos. It is quite a large island compared with Therasia; and as for Aspronisi, it is but a little molehill, of which the soil is so wanting in cohesion that every year it gets smaller and smaller. The three islands form the frame of a circular bay about seven miles across, which occupies, in fact, the place of a vast crater, into which the larger part of the original island tumbled, as soon as, by successive eruptions, its shell was sufficiently undermined. Towards the open sea the islands slope gently, and are covered with populous villages set amid the vineyards; for, as we said, the vine grows luxuriantly, though it has no soil but the dust of the pumice stone, which the equinoctial gales raise in such thick clouds that you would fancy all the land was going to be blown away.

Round the bay the coast is very steep, rising in several places to a perpendicular height of four or five hundred feet. These cliffs are continuous, and the only way of landing on this side is by step-ladders cut in the rock. They consist of horizontal beds of deep, black lava, alternating with layers of reddish scoriæ and violet-grey ashes, and, capping all, is a stratum of pumice stone of a brilliant white. The effect is most remarkable. Here and there along the face of the cliff you see blackish streaks, more or less vertical; these are the "dykes" of more recent material, showing how the igneous matter made its way through the older beds, just as in England we see trap dykes intersecting granite and mountain limestone. Altogether, it looks more like a picture in a geological treatise than a real cliff; even Alum Bay, with its varied bands of colour, is nothing to the bay of Santorin.

Till M. de Lesseps increased so vastly the demand for calcareous tufa, only the upper and better beds had been worked. Lower down there seemed to be a mixture of stones in the pumice; and when they

came lately to dig into these lower beds they soon found that the stones were laid in regular courses — were, in fact, the tops of walls. The workmen, accustomed to come upon remains of all kinds, thought they had struck the site of some old cemetery, and that the walls belonged to vaults dug down in the pumice, after the fashion employed in Santorin in early Greek times. But when M. Christomanos, chemistry professor at the University of Athens, saw the rows of stones, he at once came to the conclusion that they must have been built before the pumice stone was deposited. This, of course, set the savans on the alert.

Diggings began; and several rooms were soon discovered, all built of irregular blocks of lava, put together without cement of any kind, but having their interstices filled in with the red volcanic earth, which also served as a wash to decorate the interiors. Between the stones were laid in all directions long tortuous branches of olive, so charred that they generally crumbled away at the slightest touch. Doors and windows, too, had been surmounted by olive boughs, and their place was discovered by the falling-in of the stones which these boughs had supported, and by a few attempts at squaring among the lintels. Of course the roofs had all fallen in; they had been built of thin stones covered with a bed of volcanic earth, and resting on cross timbers fixed in the walls. One roof had been supported by a wooden post, resting on a cylindrical block of stone, into which post all the roof timbers were fixed like the spokes of a wheel. Only one of the rooms seems to have had a second floor. Outside one of the walls was discovered a curious set of hewn blocks of large size, laid regularly on one another; in the top block was a cylindrical cavity about an inch deep, and near it were several markings, the explanation of which we shall see directly.

Now, these discoveries warrant certain conclusions. First, since most of the windows look to the interior, where the ground now rises, from the low sea-cliffs where these quarries are, right up to the edge of the variegated cliffs already described as facing the circular bay, it is clear that the houses must have been built before the coat of tufa had covered the island. Had they been built at the foot of the low sea-cliffs they would not have had any windows landwards; besides, who, even in the prehistoric age, would build at the foot of a heap of pumice which holds together so loosely that landslips are always occurring? But it was not a landslip which overwhelmed these buildings, for the ground

around shows no signs of displacement, the strata are perfectly horizontal (how remarkable, by-the-way, this horizontality of the strata in such a volcanic neighbourhood), and, besides, the heaps of pumice which filled the rooms were angular and rough with spines, just as pumice would not be had it been subjected to any rolling or crushing. Moreover, everywhere under the upper coating of pumice there is, in Santorin as well as in Therasia, a bed of the red earth of which I have spoken, made up of volcanic ashes, decomposed lava, and vegetable mould; and this must have taken a long time to accumulate, so that, before the pumice stone which now forms the surface was laid down, there was a long period of quiet, when trees were growing, and when, therefore, houses may have been built on the islands.

Therasia, then, in those days was a mass of lava, covered with a deposit of volcanic ash, not a trace existing of the pumice which forms its present surface. How, then, did the people get the pottery, which forms the largest item among the articles found in the buried houses? You can't make clay of ashes; so clearly there must have been foreign trade when these old Therasians lived. The things found were various. There were large terra-cotta jars, some big enough to hold ten quarts, — in fact the very counterparts of those in which the modern islanders store their corn. These jars contained barley, chick-pease, and coriander seed. Heaps of barley were moreover found in several of the rooms; it was evidently the grain of these people. Smaller vases too, were found, of much finer workmanship, and ornamented with circular bands and rows of vertical flutings. These had been coloured with some ochreous earth, but the colour was not at all burnt in. They resemble neither the Greek, nor the Etruscan, nor the Egyptian vases of our museums. M. Fouqué says the only two at all like them in France are a vase from the Syrian desert, in the museum of the Louvre, and one found near Autun and placed among the Gallic antiquities at St. Germain. We shall see by-and-by what theory has been based on this peculiarity of the Therasian vases.

Another kind of vase is still more artistic — bright yellow, and covered with beautiful arabesques, showing in their arrangement much skill as well as taste on the part of the workman. Besides the vases there is a great mass of other pottery — broad basins with little handles, cups, platters, &c., all coarsely made and quite unornamented. Some were used in stables,

chopped straw being still found in them. The mangers and horse-troughs are large blocks of lava with shallow rectangular cavities cut in them. House-lamb seems to have been a Thersian institution, for skeletons of sheep, young and old, have been found in the rooms where the lava mangers were discovered.

Lava was used for many other purposes; a lava oil-press has been found, and several lava hand-mills (most of them singularly small), and also stone disks like those still in use among weavers in the Archipelago to keep their woof taut. These puzzled M. Fouqué immensely, but his navvies recognized them at once. There were also sets of blocks, whose weight was found to be in a certain proportion—evidently “weights,” showing that these old Thersians had risen to the commercial state. Flint implements were very rare; M. Fouqué speaks of two—a triangular knife or lance head, and a little saw with very regular teeth. The only animal bones found were those of the sheep aforesaid. One human skeleton was found, of a man, apparently crushed at once by the falling in of the roof. He was an old man, for the sutures of the skull are hardened, and the teeth very much worn. His skull shows him to have belonged to the same race as that which still inhabits the islands.

Diggings made in Santorin have brought to light a quantity of articles like those found in Thersia, all lying in the same way on this vegetable mould mixed with volcanic ash, which underlies the bed of pumice. Besides pottery of all the kinds mentioned, long terra-cotta funnels with little handles have been found, and also obsidian arrow-heads—chipped, not cut—and obsidian knives, or curriers’ scrapers. These things do not necessarily carry us back to the Stone Age, for in volcanic regions this kind of stone has been employed at all times. Peruvian ladies still make their scissors of obsidian; but in Greece the use of stone seems to have gone out very soon after metal was introduced. Nowhere in the diggings has a morsel of iron or bronze been found—no metal, in fact, except two small gold rings, evidently links of a chain, drilled with holes for stringing, and formed by hammering a lump of gold into a circular plate, and then punching out the middle and rolling the rest round into a hollow ring.

And now for the theory that M. Fouqué has based on these discoveries. There was a time, towards the beginning of the Tertiary period, when Greece was joined to Africa, and both formed part of a vast marshy

continent which stretched where the Mediterranean now is. This continent was inhabited by some of the great pachyderms who seem then to have had the world pretty much to themselves, and whose bones are found in the London clay, while their bodies are sometimes discovered entire in the ice blocks about Siberian rivers. Large deposits of these bones are found in Attica, but the great pastures of these dinotheriums, mastodons, and elephants with their tusks turned the wrong way, were submerged when, towards the end of the Tertiary period, the ground sank, Europe was separated from Asia, and the shores of the Mediterranean took their present shape. The islands of the Archipelago are the mountain-tops of this land, the vague remembrance of which (if there were any men there, as there certainly were in Auvergne about the same time) may perhaps account for the persistent tradition of an Atlantis.

Of course while all this subsidence was going on, the earth’s crust (as it is called) must have been strained a good deal. It split in several places, and where it split the “igneous matter” below came boiling up, forming the volcanic rocks so common in Greece and the islands. Some of these chinks were broken out in the side of what is now Mount St. Elie (whence friend Denman gets his “wine of night” aforesaid)—a mass of schist and marble rising some 2,400 feet above the sea. Of course discharges of scoria began at once—submarine at first, for shells and polypi are found in the lower beds of pumice; and these went on until a volcanic island was soldered to the mountain-islet of St. Elie. This filled up the whole of Santorin bay, and had two peaks—St. Elie at one end, and a volcanic cone (at least 3,000 feet high, we are told,) at the other.

During the Pliocene-Tertiary and the Quaternary periods this isle grew bigger and bigger; new conelets broke out over the flanks of the chief cone, and with each successive eruption fresh beds of lava and scoria and ashes were deposited. At last came the great catastrophe. Every outpouring of “igneous matter” had made the inside hollower and hollower; and at last down sank all the island except the narrow border formed by the three isles of Santorin, Thersia, and Aspronisi. In the centre of the bay there are at least 1,200 feet of water, and close to the variegated cliffs the depth is so great that there is no anchorage; ships have to be moored to a quite recent reef which has risen to within a few yards of the surface.

This sudden subsidence had been immediately preceded by a wonderful discharge of pumice stone, which was indeed the cause of the catastrophe. It had covered the whole island to a great depth. In spite of the rapid denudation which such material suffers, it still maintains a thickness of from twenty to thirty yards. St. Elie was covered; pumice stones are found at the present day on its highest peaks, and that is why we are certain the cone which shot them out must have been a good high one, though it surely is not necessary for it to have been (as M. Fouqué supposes) actually higher than the mountain over which it shot its projectiles. And this "cataclysm" took place, as these buildings and remains of which I have been speaking show, when man (tolerably civilized) had already been settled on the island; for they are found under the pumice-bed which was deposited before the final eruption and consequent subsidence.

The catastrophe was sudden, for nothing seems to have been taken out of the rooms; and skeletons enough will be found (we are told) when the diggings are continued further. That the pumice stone shower fell before the subsidence of the greater part of the old volcanic island is proved — first, by the presence of pumice on the highest points of land, which could hardly have been the case had the eruption been submarine; next, by the fact that the layer of pumice which caps the lava cliffs is cut as sheer down as the lava itself, and must, therefore, have been broken away by the same falling-in which left them standing up so precipitously. In fact this vast out-pouring of pumice was the cause of the subsidence; the inside of the mountain was clean emptied out, and so the whole collapsed. As to the remains discovered in these pre-historic houses, they show that the island was well wooded, and that it was subject to earthquakes; for the boughs of olive worked in among the stones must have been used (as they still are in the Archipelago) to give the walls a chance against a shock.

The vine does not seem to have been known, but the inhabitants understood oil-pressing, cattle-rearing, weaving. They belonged to the Stone Age, for the purity of the gold in the two rings above mentioned makes it probable that metallurgy was as yet unknown; yet they were able to shape blocks of lava into various useful objects — a great feat when we consider that their only tools were flint chisels. Besides the troughs and other vessels there was the block which was spoken of as having a curious cylindrical depression. This, placed

in a prominent position, and raised on two steps, also hewn, is supposed to have been an altar; therefore these people were not, like Tasmanians and some Africans, in that state in which man has not yet attained to religious ideas. I said before that the pottery proves foreign trade, seeing that there never was any clay in any of the group.

Melos is the nearest isle where such ware as the large coarse jars could be made. The finer ware, unlike any of the ordinary museum types, seems to have come from the East; the similar vase found near Autun can be accounted for as having been brought in through the Phœnician colony of Marseilles. The gold rings seem to point to Asia Minor, where gold dust was found (we remember) in the Pactolus and other rivers. As for the tools of flint and obsidian, they too must have been imported; so that we may be certain the Mediterranean was a commercial highway before the bay of Santorin had settled into its present shape. How long ago was that? The deposit of lava and scoriæ beds went on (as we said) all through the quaternary period, which brings us into what the geologists call modern times. But their periods are so long, and their ideas about time so magnificent, that "modern times" may mean ever so many thousand years ago.

The state of civilization, however, implied by the remains points to a really recent date, towards fixing which we have only the very unsatisfactory conjecture that perhaps the eruptions took place at fixed intervals; but surely this is too rash a supposition, for an eruption of greater intensity would probably be followed by a longer period of calm, and *vice versa*. History does something towards setting a limit, more recent than which the catastrophe cannot have been. The Phœnicians invaded the Greek islands in the fifteenth century B.C.; all their remains, which are numerous, are found *above* the pumice bed, as are also remains of exactly the same kind as those dug out from the buildings below the pumice bed, showing that, after the great eruption had destroyed the first inhabitants, what was left of the island was re-occupied by a similar race from some neighbouring isle.

Who destroyed this early civilization of the Hellenes of the Stone Age? Not the Phœnicians, for they came not as warriors, but as traders and colonists. Yet none of the Stone Age remains, though (as we have just said) many of them exist above the pumice, are found in connection with the Phœnician antiquities. Hence M. Fouqué supposes a period of warfare and internal

struggles, dating some time between the second peopling of the islands and the coming of the Phœnicians. This, of course, would throw the catastrophe considerably further back than the fifteenth century B.C. It is also remarkable that some of the Phœnician buildings stand on beds of shingle and recent shells fifteen or twenty yards thick. These must have been below the sea when the great eruption took place; and, as land never rises very fast from the bottom, a good many centuries must have been required to give this thickness of old sea beach. Did then these old Therasians flourish even before the Egyptians had begun to be civilized? M. Fouqué says, "Yes," because, otherwise, some trace of Egyptian art or manufacture would have been found among the remains, whereas they show no signs whatever of Egyptian influence. However, as he remarks, the search has not yet been carried far enough to enable us to be absolutely confident about anything of this kind. For any one who wants to get a plentiful harvest of vases and other tourist objects the field is an inviting one—a splendid climate, lovely scenery, and "the wine of night" on the spot, and the hope that his diggings may be rewarded by finding out something certain about those pre-historic Greeks.

What a wonderful man M. de Lesseps is; not only will he have made the canal, in spite of all that the *Times* and Lord Palmerston said about its being impossible to make it; not only will he have altered the climate of Egypt—for they say his sweet

and bitter water lakes will draw down water from the clouds and convert into a showery climate one which has hitherto been rainless, making, thereby, the fortunes of Egyptian graziers, but ruining the old interiors of tombs which have only retained their freshness on account of the exceptionally dry air; not only will he have made Egypt a new country and have ruined Liverpool and perhaps even Marseilles for the sake of Trieste and the east German trading towns; but he has even given an impetus to archæology and reminded us that the fate which befel Herculaneum and Pompeii (not forgetting Stabiæ) was by no means an exceptional one. Since the Swiss lake-dwellings were explored there has not been a more instructive "find" than this in Therasia. It shows how very old civilization is in the Mediterranean basin; it shows, too, how all those many hints about terrible earthquakes and wild work among the volcanoes which occur in the old Greek poets had a foundation in truth. By-and-by we may find the dwellings of the pre-historic Sicilians under the lowest lava beds of Ætna, thrown out when the giant who lies underneath it made his first restless plunge. Anyhow, it is a new "fact" to learn that there were civilized (though stone-using) Greeks in the Archipelago 2,000 years B.C. Minos lived long ago, so long that he has come to be thought a mere myth; but Minos was later than the Phœnicians (drove them out in fact), and our Greeks were, certainly, though nobody knows exactly how much, earlier than they.

THE COLOURING-MATTER OF WINES.—More important to us, remarks the *Globe*, are the spectroscopic researches of Mr. Sorby on the colouring-matter of wines. We have to speak, however, with some reserve on this subject; for spectroscopic observations have led experimenters into great errors, and some supposed new discoveries will have to be withdrawn. But still we may probably accept it as a fact that Mr. Sorby is able to tell approximately by looking at a wine through a spectroscope, how long that wine has been in cask. We are speaking of red wines, the colour of which undergoes certain changes in the course of time. More even than this may be possible. The spectroscope will be able to distinguish between the genuine colour of the grape, and the fictitious colours given to wine by dye-woods and coloured juices. Thus the instrument which tells us the composition of the sun and most distant stars, gives us also

information as to the value and genuineness of the contents of our cellars; and thus, as in other cases, the loftiest science lends itself to the humblest uses.

MR. PHILIP G. HAMMERTON, the author of "A Painter's Camp," has suggested a new word to express, in a courteous way, what is meant by the phrase "persons ignorant of art." A person ignorant of art, he says, might be called an *atechnic*, from the Greek *ateknē*, a man not technically instructed. Mr. St. John Tyrwhitt, another eminent art critic, suggests that the word unskilled would meet the difficulty; but Mr. Hammerton's *atechnic*, though not entirely unexceptionable, is more specific and unmistakable.

From *The Spectator*, Jan. 15.
THE INSURGENTS OF THE RED RIVER.

As far as we can see, the British Government has only one course to pursue with the insurgent "Winnipeggers," as derisive Americans call them, and that is to wait quietly till summer arrives, and then restore the Imperial authority, if necessary by an expedition as powerful as that which overthrew King Theodore. The case of the insurgents is no doubt very remarkable, and in one respect exceptional, but they are pleading it in a way to which no government that intends to continue existing can possibly submit. They are appealing to a foreign power to assist them in repelling a legal jurisdiction set over them by Parliament, and in the meantime resisting that jurisdiction by force of arms. Technically they have no case at all. The few thousand settlers in revolt on the Red River do not form a Colony in the modern sense of that term, that is, a dependent State owing allegiance to Her Majesty in the last resort, but wielding many of the powers of sovereignty; but are simply a body of squatters within Her Majesty's dominion, who have been allowed to do very much as they pleased, but who are none the less bound to obey the authority set over them, provided only that the authority is British. They seem to see this themselves, for in the Declaration of Independence issued on the 8th of December at Fort Garry, "President" John Bruce declares, on behalf of the Provisional Government, that the settlers have been transferred without their own consent to "a foreign power," and intimates that they are rebelling against that, but the assertion is absolutely without foundation. The Canadian Dominion is as much a part of Her Majesty's realm as the county of Cornwall, and the settlers have as much legal right to resist their annexation to Canada as the people of Cromarty would have to resist the fusion of their oddly-divided county into Ross and Sutherland shires. In driving out Mr. Macdougall, if he were legally appointed, — a fact of which there is some doubt, — they are resisting the Queen's representative, and resistance of that kind cannot be tolerated if the Empire is to hold together. It is one thing to allow a colony, organized by Parliament with a view to its ultimate independence, to go free after a regular vote and negotiation, and quite another to permit a handful of settlers to kick out the Royal flag and transfer the territories they happen to roam over to a foreign power. The Winnipeggers claim the whole North-

West, of which they do not occupy a thousandth part, and are said to intend to appeal to President Grant that they and "their" possessions may be included within the Union. It is quite impossible for any government to put up with coercion of that kind, and great as the difficulties in the way of action are, they must be faced, and faced by Great Britain. It is her authority which is resisted, and not that of Canada, for the settlers have not formed themselves into a colony willing to accept a British Governor, in which case we might have waited a few years for the fusion ordered by Parliament; but into a State claiming independence, and intending to request admittance into the Union. The difficulty of exerting British power at that distance and in such a locality is very great, but it must be faced, as similar difficulties were faced in Abyssinia, or we must be content to allow that British authority can be safely defied whenever it is inconvenient to exert it, — that is, we must surrender the first idea of empire. It is greatly to be regretted that a force cannot be despatched to the Red River at once, but that is, we presume, impossible. We cannot proceed by the natural route through Minnesota, the Republic forbidding transit for troops across its territory, and action by the Canadian route involves the march of a thousand men, with arms, ammunition, and baggage, — that is, practically of 2,000 men and 1,500 horses, — through an impervious forest in which every pound of forage must be carried, and every step of the road must be cut with the axe, a work which in winter may be pronounced impossible. The men would die of cold and want of provisions, or arrive too exhausted to be of service. There is nothing to do but wait; but the weather once favourable, that road must be made at any expense, and the Red River brought back to its allegiance, if necessary by force. The danger of American complications, though no doubt considerable, must be faced as courageously as may be, with full consciousness that it is serious, but a full resolve also not to suffer it to enfeeble an Imperial policy. If we are to remain in North America at all, we must act in our own dominions without this incessant reference to the ideas of statesmen who never deflect their own policy out of any deference to us. There is neither dignity nor safety in this perpetual apprehension of a power which knows perfectly well that war with Great Britain would be the gravest event in its history, and if not insulted or assailed, will at least choose a great occasion for so great a struggle. The Union does

not want the Red River at the price of a seven years' war.

But we may be asked, although these settlers by Lake Winnipeg are legally in the wrong, may they not have a moral justification for their action? That is only to ask again the old question of the limit to the right of insurrection. Has every community, however small, the right to destroy an organization, however great, because it thinks that by such destruction it may benefit itself? May the people of the Orkneys morally claim a right to set up for themselves? We dare say the few thousands of people represented at Fort Garry would be a good deal happier if their possessions formed a State of the Union, and if they governed themselves in the rough way they like, and if they were exempt from any fear of Canadian taxation, and if they were left in full enjoyment of their practical monopoly in the waste land. We do not know that they would be, but we are quite willing to assume that they know their own business best. But then the happiness of Red River settlers is surely not the ultimate end of the world's politics, or even of those of North America; and certainly the world and the continent would both be injured by the independence of the Red River. The world would be injured because its freest and most civilized State would be proclaimed powerless to hold her own, a failure in organization and in ideal; and North America would lose its greatest prospect, the rise of two great and friendly but different political civilizations. The plan of the Canadian Dominion is a very great and very wise one, and we cannot admit the right of a few thousand settlers, whether half-breeds or whole-breeds, to mar it either for the sake of their own political dignity or their own personal comfort. We regret greatly that they should suffer, we would make any concession compatible with the general policy, and are not without respect for the kind of self-esteem bred by political isolation and the habit of independence; but those feelings, though they would induce us to spare after subjugation, would not induce us to avoid subduing. The British Parliament and the immense majority of persons in British America have agreed to found there a grand State, and any groups of individuals who cannot approve the plan must either endure it patiently or depart. They cannot be allowed to stand in the way either of the Imperial career, or of the destiny which the whole Empire deems the most fortunate for the vast territory in which their "settlement" is but a pretentious village.

From The Pall Mall Gazette, Jan. 15.
AFFAIRS ON THE RED RIVER.

THE difficulty at the Red River seems to have assumed a very serious aspect; that is, in no degree serious in itself, but serious from the international complications to which it may possibly lead. We must premise that the accounts which we receive from the States, as well as those from Canada, of the events taking place there are very little to be depended on. The Red River settlement is a half-cultivated oasis in the middle of a waste of frozen marshes and prairies. News from thence has to travel some hundred miles before it reaches the nearest point connected by railway with the rest of the world. The climate at this time of the year is exceptionally severe. The Canadian papers naturally give the most favourable view of affairs, the American the most unfavourable. But we are forced to admit that up to the present time the latter seem to be nearest the truth. The hopes which we entertained at first of a speedy termination of the present outbreak, through the recovery of the loyal part of the community from their first surprise, must apparently be laid aside for the present. We must be content to look on the affair from its worst side, as at all events more probable.

It seems that the discontented party, consisting mainly of the French half-breeds, descendants of the old "voyageurs," are masters for the present of Fort Garry and the other scattered posts on the Red and Assiniboin rivers. Governor Macdougall, who had been sent from Canada to take possession on its behalf, has abandoned the settlement and made his way out of it by the only practicable exit — which, unfortunately is that through the American State of Minnesota. Report — but then the report comes from American sources — alleges that he had employed Colonel Dennis as his agent to stir up the neighbouring Indian tribes, clients in former days of the Hudson's Bay Company, to assist him in subduing the revolvers. Of this we may at present believe as much as we please until more trustworthy information is procurable. It takes ten days for news from Pembina, on the American frontier nearest Fort Garry, to reach St. Paul's in Minnesota, from whence it makes its way both to Canada and to us. Thus much, however, appears clear: that fears of an Indian attack, whether well founded or only instigated by malevolence, have excited to a high pitch the suspicious anger of the triumphant half-breeds. Captain Dennis is said to have escaped. But forty-five of his principal abettors were

captured by insurgents; four detained as hostages, the remainder "banished," which banishment seems to have consisted in packing them across the frontier into Minnesota, and wishing them a good journey to Canada. The successful party are said to be under the direction of Riel, a Canadian (half-breed, we suppose) of considerable education and intelligence. They have issued a proclamation declaring themselves the only lawful government of "Rupert's Land" (so termed in the Company's early days of loyalty to Charles the Second); but offering to treat with Canada — on terms, however, we are told (but here again we have no authority on which we can rely) which it would be impossible for Canada to accept. But "independence" apparently looms in the distance. And the maintenance of independence by a few thousand half-breeds close to the frontier of a State rapidly filling up with an American population is not a very probable event, if it were a desirable one.

It is really necessary to look this disagreeable business in the face, and not be satisfied with the idle generalities which are usually vented in such cases, about the strength of the British Colonial Empire and the duties of England in respect of it. The Hudson's Bay Company held this territory under the Crown. They sold it — both the powers of government and the land — to Canada. The home Government superintended the transaction. It is now said that Canada refuses to pay the purchase-money, on the ground that her vendor has failed to give her quiet possession. Who is to put her into possession, assuming further negotiation unsuccessful? and how?

Supposing the use of force to be unavoidable, there can be little doubt that a very inconsiderable armed force from Canada would suffice to do what is necessary. They would find a divided population, one half or nearly so ready to join them. The country is entirely open and accessible, when once the frontier of the inhabited district is reached. There are no mountains or important forests, no fastnesses natural or artificial. The only course which would seem open to the revolted would be to betake themselves to the neighbouring wilderness, and carry on a guerilla warfare with the help of the Indian tribes of the neigh-

bourhood. But then the Indians are said to detest the half-castes, and to be far better inclined to aid in exterminating them than to take part with them.

The Red River settlement is, as we have said, easily accessible over a plain country, either in mid-winter or in summer, from the peopled part of Minnesota; still its frontier lies four hundred miles from Saint Paul's (close to the Falls of the Mississippi), the nearest American post of consequence. It is less than that distance from Lake Superior, in Canada; but then the space between is a region of marsh and scrub, roadless, tenantless, and almost impenetrable. How, then, is a Canadian force to reach it? With American permission to march through American soil, easily enough. But how without it? Only in one way that we can conjecture. Winter in those regions lasts till April or May. While the marshes are hard frozen it is conceivable that an armed party of hardy Canadian Volunteers or Militia, with or without such aid as the British Contingent could furnish, might effect the march from Lake Superior over Canadian soil in sufficient force to overpower resistance. They could not bring artillery with them, but they would have none to encounter. But we must own that we hardly expect any such decisive resolution from the Government of Canada. And if it is not taken and acted on before the spring, the opportunity is over. And then, if no accommodation has been arrived at, everything depends — however it may suit our pride to acknowledge it — on the attitude to be taken by the American Government.

It were vain to speculate on such a contingency. We can only form a conjectural judgment from what we know of the habitual policy of that Government, and of the sentiments of that Government and people towards ourselves. One thing has struck us of late as remarkable; and that is the moderation and calmness of the American press, usually so much addicted to the use of aggressive language on international matters, on the general subject of Canadian politics. It seems as if our cousins were really satisfied of what they commonly assert — that they are only biding their time, and that the Dominion is all but ripe for peaceful annexation to their huge possessions.

From The Spectator.

RAMSAY'S PRO CLUENTIO.*

THE authorities of the Clarendon Press have done wisely in including in their series of classical text-books this admirable specimen of editing. Like other distinguished scholars, Professor Ramsay was content with giving expression to but a very small part of the great learning which he had acquired, though, thanks to the affectionate care with which his successor in the Glasgow Chair of Humanity has edited his remains, the monuments of his labours are less inadequate than they would otherwise have been. The *Pro Cluentio*, however, was published in his life-time, and may be taken as expressing his idea of what such a book should be. It was written, as he says, chiefly for the benefit of younger scholars, though he expresses a modest hope, which has certainly been realized, that it might be found useful by those who were more advanced. Comparing it with the edition of the *Mostellaria* lately noticed in this journal, we find it far superior, as being far more complete with regard to the interpretation of the text. It does not display, of course, the same amount of recondite learning, for the use of which, indeed, there is not the same call in dealing with Cicero as in dealing with Plautus. But the exceedingly difficult and complicated questions of Roman law involved in the case are treated with clearness and precision, and the tangled web of the story told in the Oration is made plain.

Among the "private" orations of Cicero, the *Pro Cluentio* is certainly pre-eminent, both for the interest of the subject and for the consummate skill of rhetoric and argument which it exhibits. Blair, in his *Lectures on Rhetoric*, selects it as a model of judicial oratory, and analyzes it with considerable care; Niebuhr recommended it as specially suitable for the purposes of the classical student, ranking it with the *De Corona* of Demosthenes. As Professor Ramsay says in his preface:—

"It was composed and delivered when Cicero was in the very prime of life and intellectual vigour, before his mind had been harassed, his temper soured, his courage shaken, and his energies impaired by the anxieties, disappointments, dangers, and misfortunes which beset his declining years. He had, at the time, the strongest motives for exertion. His success in

public life had been uninterrupted, but the great prize was not yet won. He had mounted high on the path of political distinction, but the topmost pinnacle yet rose steep before him, and this he could not hope to reach, except by maintaining and increasing that reputation as an orator to which alone he owed the favour of his countrymen and his previous triumphs."

The story itself is one which few *causes célèbres* surpass in strangeness and variety of interest. The affair of Cluentius was not of public concern, yet it is in the closest connection with Roman history. The critical time to which it belongs, a period extending from the Social war down to the days when the end of the Republic was fast approaching, the picture which it presents of the corruption of the Roman judicature and the utter feebleness of the law; the revelations which it makes of a world that is almost unknown to us from other sources, the social life of the provincial towns, these amid other features combine to make it well worthy of attention. Its main outlines may be thus sketched.

The principal characters are three in number, — Sassia, the prosecutor; Oppianicus, her deceased husband, dead some years before the trial took place; Cluentius, her son, the accused. They were all natives of Larinum, a town of Apulia, the scene of most of the events which culminated in the trial. Cluentius had been long alienated from his mother. An unpardonable wrong which this woman had done to her daughter, nothing less than seducing from her the husband to whom she had herself given her, had caused a permanent feud. This quarrel was aggravated by subsequent events. Sassia had wearied of the husband whom she had stolen from her daughter, and had looked with favour on the man who rid her of him. This man was Oppianicus. A partizan of Sulla, he had, on the triumph of that chief, exercised a reign of terror in Larinum. When he proceeded to give further proofs of his devotion by removing the only obstacle which remained between them, that is, by murdering two out of his three children (Sassia would not hear of there being so many heirs in a family), she rewarded him with her hand. Soon he came into collision with Cluentius. The priests of Mars of Larinum were slaves belonging to the town, and doubtless a valuable property. Oppianicus, banished from the society of Larinum for a series of crimes which we have not space to enumerate, took up their cause and maintained their rights to Roman citizenship. The town engaged Cluentius as their advocate. Oppianicus attempted to poison his opponent.

* *Cicero pro Cluentio*. With Introduction and Notes by William Ramsay, M.A., formerly Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow. Edited by George G. Ramsay, M.A., Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 1893.

Cluentius, who had long endured his wrongs in silence, felt that he must act. He indicted the accomplices of Oppianicus; and when those were found guilty, Oppianicus himself. A strange trial followed. The guilt of the man was manifest, but he had money. He entered into communication with one Staienus, a juror, who promised to buy the requisite majority of his colleagues. The price was fixed, and Oppianicus handed over the sum. But the juror thought it a grand opportunity of doing a stroke of business for himself. In short, he kept the money, and told the colleagues to whom he had promised their price that it was not forthcoming. When the day for giving the verdict arrived, Staienus and his friends pronounced the astonished defendant guilty; and though some of the respectable jurors voted the other way, he was condemned. His punishment was neither fine nor imprisonment, much less death, merely banishment from the capital and its precincts. Two or three years afterwards he died of a fall from his horse. Then SASSIA, whose hatred of her son had been gathering strength, conceived the idea that she might thus be able to contrive his destruction. She accused Cluentius of having compassed the death of his step-father, as well as of other crimes. Her first attempt failed. The slaves whom she tortured refused to give evidence. Two years afterwards she renewed it. She had taken one of the slaves into high favour, and he had committed a robbery and an atrocious murder in her house. She forced from him a confession of his former guilt, or forged it; cut out his tongue that he might not recant, and hurried him to the cross. On the strength of this evidence she indicted her son; and it was on this occasion that Cicero delivered his great speech. Cluentius, in fact, was in danger. The trial in which he had figured as prosecutor against Oppianicus had become notorious. The judge and more than one of the jurors had suffered some loss either in public repute or in purse from having taken part in it. It was commonly believed that there had been foul play, as indeed there had been. The truth was, as we are informed on other occasions by the orator himself, that there had been bribery on both sides. The prosecutor had outbid the accused. The very sum which he had paid was well known. "How many miles is your farm from the city?" one of the jurors had been asked, when attending as a witness in another case. "Something less than fifty-three," was his answer. "The very sum," shouted the audience, catching at the équivoque be-

tween *millia passuum* and *millia sestertium*. Oppianicus had offered 40,000; Cluentius handsomely outbid him. "I threw dust in the eyes of the jurors," said the great advocate, speaking of the case at a subsequent time; but it is probable that substantial justice was done, that Oppianicus, though scarcely punished, had been rightly checked in his course of crime, and that an infamous attempt of SASSIA on the life of her son was defeated. On these points the counsel for the accused had doubtless a case of overwhelming strength. He detailed in terribly graphic detail the long series of crimes which had made Oppianicus the common horror of his native town. And he drew a picture, not easily to be matched for force, of the unnatural SASSIA. Her journey across Italy from the Upper Sea to Rome and her proceedings in the capital are described with great power. His neighbours at Aquinas and Fabrateria had told him, he says, about it:—

"They had heard that some woman was going from Larinum, from the very shores of the Upper Sea to Rome, with a great retinue and much wealth, that she might make the more sure of destroying the son whom she had put on trial for his life. There was not one of them, I may say, but thought that every spot where she had passed should be purified: not one but believed that the earth, which is the mother of us all, was polluted by the footsteps of a mother so steeped in crime. So it was that in no town was she allowed to abide; where there were so many to entertain, there was not one but fled the contagion of her presence. She trusted herself to darkness and to solitude rather than to any town or any host. And does she think that any of us know not what now she is doing, what she is contriving, even what she is purposing? We know to whom she has applied, to whom she has promised her wealth, whose honour she has sought to sap with her bribes. We know, too, of those nightly sacrifices, though she deems them secret, and of those impious vows, those vows with which she even calls the gods to witness her crimes, nor knows that the favour of Heaven is gained by piety and religion and righteous prayers, not by impure superstition, and that it cannot be won by the slaughter of victims to give accomplishment to crime."

The orator then turned with prodigious effect to the company of "witnesses to character" which had assembled to support the accused. Larinum and the neighbouring towns had sent most of their principal citizens, who, with the customary abandonment of Southern demeanour, were shedding copious tears. "Few," cried Cicero, as he turned to the array, "few, methinks, are so loved by one as this man is loved by all of these." The great display of elo-

quence did not fail of success; Cluentius was acquitted.

The sketch we have given necessarily omits a vast amount of picturesque detail, which makes the story one of the most interesting in ancient, not to say modern, jurisprudence. Nor have we enlarged on the valuable opportunity of studying the theory and practice of the Roman law which it affords. The accused could have employed, it seems, had he been willing, a curious technical objection to the law under which he was indicted. The real strength of the attack upon him lay in the odious recollections of the corrupt practices at the trial of Oppianicus. And there was a chapter in the law which took cognizance of such an offence, but it was specially limited to members of the Senate, and therefore did not apply to Cluentius. This, again, illustrates those changes in the jurisdiction which form so important a chapter in the later

history of the Republic. And, more marked than all else, stands out the feebleness of the law, a feebleness which it would be wholly false to call mercy. It is strange, indeed, after reading of the massacres of Marius and Sulla, to see how so atrocious a series of crimes as were crowded into the career of Oppianicus was visited with a mild sentence of banishment. The spectacle of thousands of citizens massacred without a scruple on the one hand, and of an atrocious villain murdering scores of victims with comparative impunity on the other, is not un instructive, horrible as it is. We can wonder no longer that men turned with longing to a stronger rule. They were tired of politics, which were, indeed, a bloody game, and they wanted to be safe in their beds. The whole subject is profoundly interesting, and the student could not have a better guide than he will find here.

Les Pierres. Esquisses Mineralogiques. Par L. Simonin. (Paris, Hachette et Cie.) — The idea of this book is good. The author desired to trace, as far as it was possible to do so, the accretion of particles to form a stone, and the symmetrical arrangement of atoms to shape a crystal; then to examine the aggregation of amorphous and crystalline masses into mountains, and to consider how these were packed together to form a world. This naturally leads, in the first place, to an examination of the great family of minerals, then to a consideration of their modes of occurrence, either as indicating igneous or aqueous action in the Trappean or in the Sedimentary rocks, and to a discussion of the physical and geological phenomena by which the different rock formations are marked.

Our author tells us that pure science has been severely banished from these mineralogical sketches: — the consequence of this is that they are left in a very unsatisfactory condition. M. Simonin dedicates "Les Pierres" to George Sand, and he informs us that he writes his book for readers who love the study of rocks, and who would say with that writer "Je quitterais tous les palais du monde pour aller voir une belle montagne du marbre dans les Alpes ou dans les Apennins." The soul-exalting study of the grand in Nature requires cultivation, and special training is necessary to the formation of such habits of observation as are demanded for the examination of the mysteries of a pebble. M. Simonin would take his readers

To sit on rocks and muse o'er flood and fell,

while he tutored them on the causes which produced the landscape upon which they are gazing,

and he would, at the same time instruct them in the "Sermons in Stones." "Les pierres parlent, a dit je ne sais quel poete," he curiously enough writes. The idea of the book is a fine one; but it is sadly marred through the want of method. The sketches are wildly sketchy, and they are often rendered very obscure by the intrusion of the author's fancies. There is a considerable collection of interesting matter in this volume, but it is put together without judgment, and its value is therefore largely diminished.

In his "La Vie Souveraine" (*Athen.* No 2049) M. Simonin desired to follow in the wake of Victor Hugo, and to make the miner — "le soldat de l'abime," — such a hero as the novelist painted in his "Travailleurs de la Mer." In the volume now before us he strains to reach an ideal, which is founded upon some favourite passage written by George Sand. We are desirous of seeing science rendered popular, but we must protest against its being rendered sensational.

This volume, like M. Simonin's former book, is abundantly illustrated, and most of the illustrations are of a superior character. The book is, indeed, in every way creditable to the publishers. Athenaeum.

Mr. ARBER is engaged in editing a reprint of two works of King James the Sixth, viz., "The Essayes of a Prentise in the Divine Art of Poesie," Edinburgh, 1585, and "A Counterblaste to Tobacco," London, 1604.

From The Saturday Review.

THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF ORATORY.

In the speech which he delivered at Birmingham on Tuesday Mr. Bright declared that he came to his annual meetings with his constituents with fear and trembling. "It is a very serious thing," he said, "this great political life. It is not a mere joke, nor a mere field on which ambitious men may disport themselves. It is something very serious, and for every step we must give an account." Mr. Bright claimed for himself a sense of responsibility in speaking on great public questions, for which he feared that few persons gave him credit. If this be so, the fault is in great measure Mr. Bright's. He has often used language of invective and menace which seemed to show an inadequate sense of responsibility for his words; and with Mr. Bright words have been things. It is by them that he has exercised whatever influence he possesses over his countrymen. Though a careful student of the English poets for purposes of quotation, and a somewhat miscellaneous reader of history, Mr. Bright would probably not claim any very intimate familiarity with the Greek orators or writers. Nevertheless, in what he says of himself he has been anticipated by a master even greater than he in the art of wielding a fierce democracy. Demosthenes, according to Plutarch, used to maintain that the popular orator will always prepare his speeches; since his doing so is a sign that he makes his court to the people, and wishes to please it. On the other hand, not to care what the people thinks of the speeches which are made to it is the mark of a man who has a leaning towards oligarchy and who would rather employ force than persuasion. The contrast, in its substance though not in its terms, has some applicability to modern times. The late Lord Derby's speaking was probably the best type of aristocratic, as Mr. Bright's is of popular, oratory, that our generation has seen.

That knightly eloquence all hearts delights,
If from the hall be banished all but knights.

So Lord Lytton wrote of his Rupert of debate in phrases which, if they have some tinsel, have also some truth. Lord Palmerston put the same thing in a more homely way when he described Lord Derby as the best off-hand speaker ever known in Parliament. Both descriptions express the dash and daring of the knightly onset. Demosthenes, as reported by Plutarch, concurs to use a judicial metaphor, by anticipation. The popular orator, he says, prepares his

speeches; the aristocratic orator is off-hand. Mr. Bright's careful preparation of his speeches is no secret. He is perfectly candid about the matter. As Dryden talked the art of poetry at the coffee-house, surrounded by a circle of younger admirers, so Mr. Bright is perfectly willing to enlighten the sucking Radicals of the House of Commons as to his mode of working, and the extent to which he trusts himself to the impulse of the moment or confines himself to what he has previously set down. It is evident that the more brilliant passages of his speeches are composed. They could be as little improvised as a stanza of Gray's or Tennyson's. It is also plain that the arrangement of his matter and the transitions from subject to subject are fixed beforehand, not according to any logical order, but with careful rhetorical method. If in the employment of words Mr. Bright seems now and then to have imperfectly measured his moral responsibility, he has always shown a scrupulous artistic conscience. He knows when to be dignified and when to be homely. To use an illustration of Pascal's, he knows when to speak of Paris and when of the capital of the kingdom; when of the king and when of the august monarch. Moreover, he can relieve passion and argument by humour, and loosen, in order to rivet the more firmly for the momentary relaxation, the attention of his audience.

All these natural gifts and rhetorical arts would be of small avail if Mr. Bright's oratory did not rest on what we may call an ample physical basis. He is essentially that which he has quarrelled with Mr. Charles Buxton for not being, a robust politician; and he is a robust orator too. His presence fills the eye, as his voice fills the ear. In these physical advantages lies half the battle. Even in mere historic reminiscence they go a long way. Readers of Mr. Carlyle's *French Revolution* can see that the lion-roar of Mirabeau and the voice of Danton reverberating in the roof have had a good deal to do with the place which he has assigned them among his heroes and half-divine men. On the other hand, the shrill treble of the Abbé Sieyès and the thin pipe of the Incorruptible Sea-Green have aggravated his scorn of the men of formulas. A small O'Connell would not have been O'Connell. If Mr. John Stuart Mill's shoulders had been half a foot broader, and his chest a couple of inches deeper, he probably would still be member for Westminster, and might have rivalled the great Beales himself on platforms and in Trafalgar Square. Of course, when a

man impersonates the idea or fanaticism of a nation or of an age, physical disadvantages are of little account. A tenderness is felt for the fragile vessel which holds the inestimable treasure. So Robespierre's words were hung upon in the hall of the Jacobins. So even Lord John Russell was a popular hero in the days of the first Reform Bill. Sydney Smith, indeed, tells us that Lord John's smallness was a subject of much mortification and some complaint among the farmers of Devonshire when he asked for their votes. They had expected to see a son of Anak, and were disappointed with the reduced scale of humanity which was paraded before them. Sydney Smith, however, proved equal to the occasion. Lord John, he told the Devonshire grumblers, was naturally much bigger, but had been reduced by his labours in the cause of Reform. Mr. Bright has never needed any such apology, and is not likely to require it.

Physical qualities run into attributes which are mental and moral. With the robustness, and massiveness which belong to Mr. Bright, there is associated a remarkable stability and self-possession. He is said to be a great reader and admirer of the speeches of Charles James Fox, to whom he has some sort of personal resemblance, but with whose oratory his own has nothing in common except a certain masculine energy. Fox's unrestrained vehemence, the swaying figure, the wild gesture, the voice now rising into a scream, now descending into a growl, the inartistic sentences—these things were the accompaniments of an eloquence wholly unlike Mr. Bright's. Passion more intense, perhaps, but more under command; words so chosen as to express something less than the speaker feels; action limited to a few simple but imperative gestures, which emphasize the points of a discourse, and seem almost to command the attention of his hearers; a voice carefully modulated, and a simple English style set off by occasional sentences framed with the art of a French epigrammatist, are some of the characteristics of Mr. Bright's oratory. He is master of himself, whatever that self may be. If there is storm in him, there is a power also which rules the storm. A figure firmly planted, delivering such sentences with an energy which seems the greater for the slowness and deliberation of the utterance, a watchful eye heedful of the effect of each word and each syllable, and apparently framing the next so as to follow up the blow, or to soften it, as may seem needful, a perfect clearness as to his

own intentions, and an almost instantaneous apprehension of the mind of his audience, are apparent in Mr. Bright. He never rages and storms as Mr. Gladstone too often does. He is never, like the Prime Minister, at the mercy of his own excitement. Mr. Bright fronts the tempest which beats around him, as a lighthouse may; Mr. Gladstone is tossed about in it like a boat. The manner in which the Premier starts to his feet, and with clouded brow and fierce gesture flings out a reply, often justifies Mr. Disraeli's grateful recognition of the solid piece of furniture which separates him from his rival. A high Parliamentary authority is said to have expressed his apprehension of some day seeing this barricade surmounted, and Mr. Gladstone proceeding *a verbis ad verbera*, in the adjustment of his differences with the leader of the Opposition. As he advances to the table and steps back, glaring and thundering, hitting the box before him, or clapping his hands together with resounding slaps which sometimes drown his most important words, Mr. Gladstone seems to be purposely piling fuel upon his own fire. It is a well-known psychological law that free indulgence in the gestures natural to strong feeling acts in turn upon the feeling which suggests them, and intensifies it; nay, that you may proceed in cold blood from the gestures to the passion. Mr. Gladstone seems to need these aids of oratory. To be upon his legs is not a mere Parliamentary figure of speech with him, or an oratorical accident. Not to have a leg to stand upon physically would place him at the argumentative and rhetorical disadvantage which the phrase metaphorically expresses. Unlike the squire in *Chevy Chase*, he would not be able, in a similar plight, to fight upon his stumps. As skilful oarsmen row, so Mr. Gladstone speaks in great measure, with his legs. Put him into a chair, and not only his copiousness diminishes—some of which might be profitably spared—but his clearness also deserts him. It is as if he had been deposited in that "Siege Perilous" of Merlin in which, as Mr. Tennyson in the *Holy Grail* tells us, "No man could sit but he should lose himself." There is a society much frequented by ancient Benthamites and more youthful believers in what has been called the John Mill-ennium, professors of political economy, statistical members of Parliament, and peers desirous of improving their minds and gaining light as to their future prospects by discussions on the theory of rent and the differences between the landed property and wealth in other forms. To

this assembly of the wise, which holds its meetings in the temple once sacred to Almack's, Cabinet Ministers not unfrequently betake themselves. The Club dines and discusses the problem of the evening, each speaker sitting. In this posture Mr. Gladstone's flow of words is impeded, as the flow of courage which had animated Messrs. Giles and Brittles in *Oliver Twist* in their pursuit of the burglars was stopped by their arrival at a five-barred gate. The phenomenon is curious. Mr. Gladstone's oratorical fire, if it is to be kept alive, needs to be fanned. The self-command, doubtless the accompaniment of a stronger physique, which enables Mr. Bright to watch the impression which he makes on his hearers, and to adapt himself to it, gives him a great rhetorical advantage over Mr. Gladstone. For the purpose of observation a sharp and quick eye, as well as an apprehensive temperament, is needed. Mr. Lowe is cool and keen

enough, but the extreme shortsightedness which, as he told the electors of the University of London, impelled him from a student's life into an active career, has interfered with his prompt recognition of the impression he is making on his audience, and to that extent with his Parliamentary success. In his Life of Pitt, Lord Stanhope says that, with the exception of the late Lord Derby, Lord North is the only instance of a statesman labouring under extreme shortness of sight who has ever successfully led a political party. Mr. Lowe has done all but this. In view of his achievement in 1866, when he brought into the Cave a detachment of the Liberal party, he may rank as an honorary third with those distinguished statesmen. Mr. Bright's superiority as a speaker over the other members of the triumvirate is, in part at least, due to the ampler physical basis on which his oratory rests.

LECTURES AT CONSTANTINOPLE.—The Winter Ramazan has been relieved by the resumption of the long-discontinued lectures of the Darul Funoon or University. It is supposed that the Turks may make neither good lecturers nor auditors, but this is a mistake. When about seven years ago courses were given at the Darul Funoon, the lectures were good, well delivered, and well illustrated, and attended in the middle of the day by crowded audiences of the educated classes, including all ranks of the Ulema.

The *Levant Herald* states that the present course includes lectures by Aziz Effendi, Professor of the Medical School, "On Chemistry, with Experiments," and "On Climate and Temperature"; Wahid Effendi, Professor of the Medical School, "On Cemeteries in relation to Public Health"; and Selim Effendi, "On the Planets." Munif Effendi, one of the great educational leaders, and now President of the Council of Public Instruction, gave an interesting lecture "On the Industrial Progress of Turkey," on what has been done and what has to be done, and another "On the Sources of Public Wealth." It is not unworthy of notice that Munif Effendi was first distinguished for philological and philosophical literary studies; but, with a more definite view of promoting positive advancement, he has been for seven years tending towards political economy. One curious illustration by which he illustrated the sympathies of the readers of his magazine, the *Mejmuai Funoon*, was a set of papers on the history of paper-money among Mussulman nations, showing its antiquity as an institution.

Athenæum.

THE MOON.—In 1864 a Committee of the British Association was appointed to devise a method of cataloguing the objects seen on the moon, and "to construct an outline map of four times the scale (area) of the well known and often quoted map by Beer and Madler." In the same year Mr. W. R. Birt announced that he had already prepared a register of 886 lunar objects; and since then such progress has been made that the number now registered is 2027, and four areas, each of 5 degrees latitude and longitude, have been mapped. Mr. Birt has also published a map of the *Mare Serenitatis* with its craterology and principal features, accompanied by so complete a descriptive text that any intelligent amateur wishing to study the moon's surface would be able to identify the localities. The prosecution of the map is much to be desired, because of the important questions in physical science involved in lunar researches, and because of the phenomena which are said to denote the existence of volcanoes now active in the moon. It appears, however, that money to meet the expenses is not provided so freely as could be wished, and we hear some talk of a Selenographical Society, in which, as in the Palæontographical and some others, every member would pay his guinea, and thus furnish the means. The time seems opportune, for there is a whisper of a discovery which, by correcting the "residual aberration" in the microscope and telescope, will enable observers to see the infinitely small and the infinitely distant with greater clearness and precision than ever.

Athenæum.

From The Spectator.
**THREE THOUSAND MILES THROUGH THE
 ROCKY MOUNTAINS.***

On the whole, this is a depressing book. "Gold, gold, nothing but gold," the metal glitters in almost every page till we are not quite sure if our very eyes are not jaundiced with over-much gazing on the yellow stuff, while everywhere we are reminded of the Ancient Mariner's lament, —

"Water, water, everywhere,
 But not a drop to drink."

untold wealth on every side, poverty, disaster, and ruin to all its eager seekers. Mr. McClure, in his home in Philadelphia, appears to have listened from time to time to the strange tidings of all that was astir in the Great West, and to have at length resolved to pass, at least, one summer with "the sturdy pioneers who are laying the foundations of future empires." Most of our author's sentences are on stilts, a fault too common in American writing, but one which may be forgiven where the information afforded is considerable; for example, when studying a clear outlining of the difficulties surmounted, or to be surmounted, by the three through lines of railroad which will before long cross the continent from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and in their progress count as nothing the Alleghanies, so long deemed almost impassable, we see at once possibilities lying in the future sufficiently great to enable us to read without grimace that, "in the matchless progress of a quarter of a century, the great mountains of the East have been levelled, as it were, by the handiwork of man, and have ceased to retard the whirl of commerce or the stream of travel, as we swarm westward to fix new stars in the galaxy of the States of the Republic." To a thoughtful mind, however, the little done would vanish before even a glimpse of what yet remains to do; but we shall see this most clearly by following Mr. McClure for a few moments in his wanderings. From Pittsburg to Chicago he had a pleasant journey, finished up with a thoroughly American neck-to-neck race between two or three railways, whose road for some twelve miles was hardly ever over a hundred feet apart. He found Chicago in the midst of a great riot, and left it next morning in the midst of a great fire; but it is not till he reaches Omaha that we begin to look for definite description of the manners and customs of a Western city. It is not to our minds a pleasant sketch; there

is too much of the gourd in a city built in a week, where a man's house may be reared while he is supping with a friend, and where store-rooms fetch a rental of 2,000 dollars per annum. Such cities commonly rise in a night to perish in a night, the speculative fever burns itself out, and the survivors but too commonly eat only the ashes; but for a moment, as a passing phase of the national vitality which will yet condense whatever is worth preserving in it into more permanent form, this city, with its ten thousand inhabitants, its wild expensiveness and bustling activity, in the midst of which the Pawnee Indian still wanders, but already looks almost like a shadow of the past, is not without its interest; the mass of living beings congregated there as incongruous as the climate, — which, Mr. McClure assures us, contrived "in the short space of three weeks to crowd snowstorms, thunderstorms, hurricanes, impassable mud, choking dust, earthquakes, floods, hard freezes, and burning suns, — on the whole, a place in which we should think it would be desirable to 'nod, and glance, and hurry by.'" Our author left it without regret, and hastened on to Denver, a city in the mining territory of Colorado, which has grown up in the short space of ten years, and through the rough instrumentality of Vigilance committees has succeeded in establishing some sort of order, and even justice; but we realize at every turn a fact to which Mr. McClure alludes, that the Western settler is such generally because he differs from those he left behind him; it is scarcely the cream of any population who seek their fortune in wild and lawless adventure, and most of the settlers in the Far West have probably passed through storms of suffering or wrong which have left unpleasant mental scars it will take a generation or two to efface. And then, again, these Western cities lack altogether the elements of stability, the population is a shifting one. Men there have braved all the difficulties and discouragements of the pioneer's life, not, like the Pilgrim Fathers, to establish a new home, or like most colonists even with the desire to begin life anew; but rather they come with the gold-fever upon them, bent only upon gathering the riches which they are some day to spend among their own people in the East; but the first touch of the ore seems to bring with it the reckless spending which leaves the emigrant surprised by misfortune, sudden ruin, or death, before the imagined treasure has ever come fairly within his grasp; while the settlers who supply these gold-seekers live in the miserable ranches which for the

* *Three Thousand Miles through the Rocky Mountains.* By A. K. McClure. London: Trubner and Co. 1869.

time they dignify with the name of home. For six hundred miles east from Denver to Missouri River there are scarcely any buildings but sod hovels, a single low story in height, and covered with sod or prairie grass, and in these miserable holes the settlers live without a shrub or tree to shelter them from the bleak storms of winter or the scorching suns of summer. These men hope by their enormous charges to get money enough to re-establish themselves in the East; but they often fall an easy prey to the Indians, who from time to time burn their ranches, make a clean sweep of their property, and leave them only too happy if they escape with their lives.

But the most interesting part of Mr. McClure's book is the account he gives of Montana, the Territory so rich in undeveloped mineral wealth and in agricultural resources. If Mr. McClure's statement be correct that Montana is second only to California in its yield of gold, and will "this year go up to fully twenty millions of treasure," there lies a future before this part of the great continent which, whether it be for good or for evil, at least defies calculation. Scientific machinery is as yet in its infancy as regards quartz-mining, more than half the gold mills being ruinous speculations utterly inefficacious for their purpose, and a fruitful source of disappointment to the gold-seekers, but when real business capacity and scientific principles for developing the mines shall be brought to bear, there seems no limit to the wealth to be brought to the surface. Alder Gulch, writes Mr. McClure, of which Virginia, the capital of the Montana Territory, was originally but the mining camp, was the richest gulch of the size ever found in any of the American gold regions. The entire mountain belt, or rather, he says, "the entire mass of broken and confused ranges, seems studded with the precious metals;" and it is to draw attention to the necessity for some better method of developing these hidden riches that Mr. McClure's book is mainly written. He offers many practical suggestions as to the causes of present failure and the remedies needed, which we commend to the attention of intending speculators. But meanwhile, one great source of wealth, and that always the most satisfactory one, is for the present almost entirely neglected; we allude to farming in the Montana Territory. Rich as it is in possibilities of great fruitfulness, the adventurer only turns his hand to the cultivation of the soil, while waiting some fortunate moment to pursue his more immediate purpose. The great cause of agricultural

failure, writes our author, is that no one farmer regards farming as his fixed pursuit; and that sentence strikes the key-note to more than agricultural disorder and distress in this region. No one regards anything as a substantial object in his life but the actual getting of the metal, for which he has risked so much, and which he is generally prepared to spend before earning, and spend, moreover, on eating and drinking, while living almost in savagery. In Montana alone, with an apparently poor population of not more than forty thousand, in a country which nearly supplies all the flour, potatoes, turnips, &c., consumed, the business men of the territory paid out nearly a million of dollars, in the summer our author was there, in freights alone, more than three millions being expended in dry goods, groceries, provisions, &c.

We should add that our author is by no means always alive to the force of his own descriptions or the deductions likely to be drawn from them. For instance, after a minute narration of the proceedings in so-called courts of justice, and of the manners characteristic of Colonel This and Judge That, revolting, to say the least, to an ordinary English reader, he concludes his chapter with the quiet remark that "the people of the mountains enjoy life, and never discount trouble." The whole book leaves on our mind the impression that if ever America is to take her place, not only as a gigantic power, which in some rough sense she already is, but as wielding that influence among the nations which internal strength and vigour alone can give, she has yet to pass through a baptism of fire which will burn much in its purifying process.

From The Saturday Review, Jan. 8.
AMERICAN REPUDIATION.

THE American House of Representatives lately amused itself with a debate in which all the members who spoke unanimously repudiated repudiation. As most of the speakers were Democrats, their professions perhaps imply that all parties in the United States have for the present convinced themselves that fraud practiced on the public creditor will not be rewarded by popularity. The Report of Mr. Wells on Trade and Finance proves that no nation has ever had less excuse for even discussing a policy of wanton dishonesty. The debt has already been reduced since 1865 by sixty millions sterling, of which ten millions is due to last year's surplus of income over expenditure.

The population has, notwithstanding the interruption caused by the Civil War, increased largely since the last census, and the proportionate burden of the debt borne by each citizen is every day becoming lighter. If peace is preserved for ten years more, the advance of prosperity will be far more rapid, and at the end of that time the Republic will be the wealthiest nation in the world, and one of the most populous. Nevertheless experience has shown that in the United States a great and sudden demand for money can only be met by the contraction of loans. All the capital in the States is employed in profitable investments, and it is far easier to divert it to the public service by the offer of a high rate of interest than to raise an extraordinary revenue by taxation. The repudiation of the whole or of any portion of the debt would deprive the Government of the power of borrowing; and the unprincipled advocacy of such a policy at this moment entails on the taxpayer a penalty of several millions yearly in the form of an excessive rate of interest. A capitalist who lends money to a Government takes into consideration both the intrinsic value of the property which is mortgaged as security for his claim, and the validity of the instrument by which his charge is created or acknowledged. The United States can offer to lenders an estate worth many times the amount of the debt; but, as the Government cannot be compelled to pay either principal or interest, its credit depends on the general belief in its integrity and honour. The scepticism which is unfortunately measured by the price of American bonds in the money-market will probably not be justified by the result, but it may be doubted whether the adoption by Congress of General Garfield's resolution will greatly raise the price of American securities. Ignorant Europeans will not fail to ask why it is necessary again and again to affirm a proposition which in other representative Assemblies is taken for granted. Astute critics will further object that General Garfield's protest against repudiation is less definite than General Schenck's previous resolution to the effect that the debt should be paid in gold; and those who are curious enough to read the debate which preceded the vote will find that it suggests additional ground of suspicion.

If the Pope, with or without the assent of the Council, were formally to condemn the doctrines which are indirectly affirmed in the famous Syllabus, both adherents and opponents would reasonably assume that a paradoxical self-contradiction might be ex-

plained by some ambiguity of language. American politicians are neither as pertinacious as the Pope, nor as infallible; yet it is strange that doctrines which were loudly proclaimed only a year and a-half ago should now be rejected with competitive vehemence by their former advocates. The Democratic orators carefully abstain from any confession of error, and probably they would deny that they had undergone any process of conversion. If they were accused of inconsistency, they might reply that they had never literally defended the repudiation of the national debt; and if popular opinion were once more to recommend their former policy, they would have as little difficulty in explaining away General Garfield's resolution. At the Presidential election of 1868, although the Democratic candidate was not himself a repudiator, a large majority of the party, under the lead of Mr. Pendleton, had adopted the policy of paying off the greenbacks, not in specie, but in paper. The calculation on which the managers of the election relied was sufficiently intelligible. It was well known that of the native public creditors a great majority resided in the Eastern States, and it was in the hope of securing their votes that Mr. Horatio Seymour of New York was selected as the Democratic nominee. At the same time it was believed that the taxpayers of the Western States would vote with the party which had so systematically opposed the payment of the bonds according to the spirit of the contract. That the policy of the Democratic leaders is unchanged was recently proved by the selection of Mr. Pendleton as candidate for the office of Governor in the important State of Ohio. Mr. Hoffman, Governor of New York, who may probably be the next Democratic nominee for the Presidency, naturally objects to repudiation. The supposed popularity of repudiation was illustrated by the conduct of the last Congress, and by the audacious advocacy of fraud by Mr. Thaddeus Stevens and by Mr. Butler. The outgoing President, who has since failed by a single vote to obtain the post of Senator for Tennessee, proposed in his last message to Congress, not that paper should be substituted in payment for gold, but that the property of the public creditor should be confiscated as soon as he had received in the form of interest a sum equal to the principal which he had advanced. Americans may contend that Mr. Andrew Johnson had no power to represent the general opinion of the community; but his policy had never been condemned by the Democratic party, and he had been elected by a great majority to the

Vice-Presidency, with a contingent right of succession to the highest office in the Republic. The recommendations of his Message were but a cynical caricature of the policy of Mr. Butler, and of a recent vote of the House of Representatives. It had been resolved by a large majority that the interest of the debt should be subjected to a special tax of ten per cent., or, in other words, that it should be reduced in the same proportion. The proposer of the motion, who also openly advocated the payment of the greenbacks in paper, was shortly afterwards returned to the new Congress by one of the most Republican districts in Massachusetts; and about the same time the Chairman of the Committee of Finance of the Senate recommended a reduction of interest from six to five per cent.

The apparently repentant Democrats of the present Congress are probably only playing upon words. When a Republican member asked the pertinent question whether the opposite party still agreed with Mr. Pendleton, he was told that a difference of opinion on the mode of paying the debt had nothing to do with repudiation. It is true that Mr. Andrew Johnson enjoys the distinction of being the only prominent politician who has at any time openly proposed a scheme of barefaced robbery. Mr. Pendleton and Mr. Butler only proposed to redeem a promise to pay by substituting, on the expiration of the term, a similar obligation. It happened that the Five-twenty Bonds, which form a large portion of the debt, bore on their face an undertaking to pay the interest in gold, neither debtor nor creditor having at that time imagined any doubt as to the full discharge of the principal. Pettifogging apologists of dishonesty, notwithstanding the notorious fact that the agents of the Government had announced that the bonds would be paid in gold, attempted to deduce from the express provision for the payment of interest an implied waiver on the part of the creditor

of his right to receive his principal in specie. Up to the present time neither the Democrats, nor the Republican section which agree with Mr. Butler, have publicly disclaimed their dishonest interpretation; and if the Western States are really hostile to the payment of the debt, any resolution which Congress may have passed will be easily evaded. After the census of the present year, the electoral power of the Atlantic States will be largely diminished, and the bondholders of New York, of Pennsylvania, and of New England will become more than ever dependent on the good faith or good will of distant taxpayers. It must be remembered that nearly every Northern State took advantage, during the war, of the depreciation of the paper currency to perpetrate, at the expense of its creditors, the very fraud which is now ostensibly denounced. The debts which had been incurred in gold were discharged by the payment of less than half the value in the paper which had for another purpose become a lawful tender. When the same constituencies in their Federal character return members who make eloquent speeches against repudiation, it is not surprising that capitalists should interpret their pledges by their practice. At present the balance of probability is in favour of a full discharge of the debt, because the performance of the duty will be not only easy but profitable. The publicity of Federal transactions affords an additional security against acts of dishonesty which the separate States may commit without provoking external criticism. An element of uncertainty is introduced into the calculation by the national habit of referring to the will of the people as the ultimate standard of right and wrong. Not long since, competent judges of popularity thought that the will of the people would sanction a scandalous fraud. If their calculation had been right, political leaders would almost with one accord have obeyed the dictation of the multitude.

A FEW years after we became connected with Japan, the Government had to collect interpreters from among chance foreigners, and the interpreters' staff has cost us much money. It now appears we know so little of Japan that for years we were treating the chief minister, the Seogoon, as Emperor of Japan, the Mikado. The Rev. Mr. Beal, an orientalist of merit, then

chaplain of H. M. S. Sybille, made the discovery of the truth, which he published in a pamphlet in 1858, and some years later Sir Harry Parkes turned this to account and laid a better foundation for our diplomatic relations with Japan. What our Home Government knew of Japan may be judged by this incident.

Athenæum.

From The Spectator.

THE UNIVERSE.*

BOTH the nature and object of this book incline us to a favourable judgment. M. Pouchet recognizes two ends of a philosopher's mission in our days,—to discover and to popularize, to advance science and diffuse it. The end selected in the publication of this work is eminently the latter. A worthy one, surely, than which human nature rightly developed would confess none more noble. But it is seldom that both the inclination and the capacity to effect this are united in the one person. The work now before us is, however, a happy instance of this union. M. Pouchet is a Member of the Institute of France. His name is known among savants, and where known, respected for ardent and conscientious investigation. His ability to popularize will be sufficiently demonstrated by the present volume. The method observed is simply eclectic; that of selecting from the countless phenomena which offer themselves to a student's view, such only as must charm even the least sensitive intelligence and stimulate it to wonder and admiration. But this method has been so pursued that a general view of the whole panorama of nature passes in fact before the reader's notice in harmonious and comparatively exhaustive arrangement. Of course, each division is but cursorily treated, but enough is given to make the whole, as somewhat too grandiloquently announced, "the peristyle of the temple in which lie hidden the mysterious splendours of nature," and "the means of inspiring some with a desire to penetrate into the sanctuary itself, and uplift the veil which conceals them." A prevailing lesson throughout is how merely "human counters" are our words "great" and "little," whose place and meaning disappear in the illimitable world of nature. The matter is refreshed throughout by a spirited French style, and illustrated by extremely good and well-selected engravings.

It is not our intention to give more than a general idea of the contents. The subjects treated or from which points of interest are gleaned, fall under the respective heads of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, the geology and atmosphere of our planet, and the sidereal universe. The plan at least is, therefore, sufficiently exhaustive. Holding in view the antithesis above mentioned, the first two divisions necessarily invite in particular the investigation of "the

Infinitely Little." This is introduced by a chapter on the microscope, the invention of which, by the way, he attributes to Leuwenhoeck, who was but a great extender of its power. A microscope, as we are informed by Huygens, was seen in the possession of Cornelius Debrell, of Alkmaar, while in London as mathematician to James I. in 1621. Debrell said it had been made by one Jansen, of Middleburg, a spectacle-maker, in 1590; and Galileo is said to have constructed one. At any rate, M. Pouchet places the invention rather more than a century too late. He informs us that by a modern microscope it is possible to enlarge a surface 56,000,000 times. If this is true, we need not be sceptical concerning the wonders he proceeds to relate, for they involve nothing questionable except the possibility of examination of such minutiae. It is astonishing how much has been revealed by the microscope of the physiology and habits of animalcules far eluding our unassisted vision, 10,000 of which could be ranged along the length of an inch, with organizations as complicated as that of man, eyes, stomachs,—of which 20 are an ordinary complement for one individual, and these all coated with teeth, by means of which the food can be discerned undergoing the processes of mastication and digestion. Even the circulation of the blood near the larger blood cavities is noticeable, these being fifty times as large and strong in proportion as the hearts of the horse and ox. Consequently the vital action is extremely high, and while their industry seems to be most exemplary, these little animals, so fortunate a thing is it to have any number of stomachs up to 100, always introducing stimulants, can dispense with sleep altogether. They seem to be able to exist anywhere, in the tropics or the ice of the Polar seas, in the blood of other animals or man, and in the fibres of our muscles. Unhappily it suits their convenience to swarm in myriads in our mouths. It is apparently the most certain habitat of a particular species, and the tartar of the teeth, if its existence is to be recognized, is mainly composed of their skeletons. As they are not, therefore, to be found in infusions only, M. Pouchet objects to the name "infusoria." He would call them, according to their nature, "microzoa" or "protozoa," and it would not probably be easy to draw the distinction. In fact, they seem to belong to several different orders, the individuals of which have little in common, except extreme minuteness. Perhaps the most remarkable, as far, at least, as the practical results of their industry is considered, are those mi-

* *The Universe; or, the Infinitely Great and the Infinitely Little.* Translated from the French of F. A. Pouchet, M.D. London: Blackie and Son.

crozoa which possess the power of eliminating siliceous lime from the sea-water to form their skeletons. The result of this elimination is the extensive chalk, and much, at least, of the siliceous strata of the globe, as the tripolis of Bohemia and the Isle of France. These vast accumulations are but the cemeteries of animalcules, millions of whose corpses would not have composed a cubic inch. Under certain influences the organic portions do not readily pass away, which leads to the existence of soils which suffice for the nourishment of man. Such are the deposits of mountain meal of Lapland, of Degernä in Sweden, of Ebsdorf in the Lunenburg Heath, and of Santafiora in Tuscany. The little carcasses which are heaped together in these have, in general, exactly the shape of ladders. Hundreds of waggon-loads of this mountain meal are annually consumed in Sweden. As architects of islands, the minute polypi, or flowers of the coral, as they used to be thought, take at once the foremost place. M. Pouchet makes his readers quite as much at home as they have any fancy to be, in their exquisite madrepores and rose-coloured grots; or sometimes these immense common lodging-houses for the present and cemeteries for the past generations of polypi, attain the dimensions of reefs of one thousands miles in length. Yet each polyp is a white sea anemone not bigger than a pin's head. The monads, true atomic bodies, of which a drop of water sometimes contains more than there are inhabitants on the earth, also come in for an affectionate notice.

Book iii. treats in a very happy manner the marvels of the insect world. Man generally flatters himself that his anatomy is about the highest effort of divine skill. Yet that of the insect is far more complicated. No portion of our organism can compare with the proboscis of the common fly. Man can boast 370 muscles. Lyonet, who spent his whole life in watching a single species of caterpillar, discovered in it 4,000. The common fly has 8,000 eyes, and certain butterflies 25,000. M. Pouchet treats it as an established fact that so fine are the sensory organs of ants, that they converse by means of their antennæ. Consequently, the strength and activity of insects far surpasses ours in proportion. In the whole field of

natural science there is nothing more astounding than the number of times a fly can flap its wings in a second. We allow to Almighty power an infinite division of space, but we are not as readily compelled to admit that in time also "great" and "little" have to Him no signification. Yet, it follows with certainty that as the fly passes through space at the rate of six feet in a second, it must in that point of time vibrate its wings five or six hundred times. But in rapid flight we are required to believe that 3,600 is a moderate estimate. The mind is stupefied if it attempts to realize these results. The chapters on metamorphosis of insects, and especially on the intelligence of bees and ants, would also repay attentive perusal. We feel almost ashamed to deny to these the status of reasoning beings. Even the poor spiders are raised much in our esteem, and M. Pouchet lovingly records that a M. d'Orbigny had a pair of trousers made of spiders' webs which lasted him a very long time. Four more books follow with the fanciful headings of "The Ravagers of Forests," the "Protectors of Agriculture," the "Architecture of Birds," and the "Migrations of Animals."

M. Pouchet now levies his dues on the vegetable kingdom. On the whole, we think that here he is more novel and original in his information than elsewhere, particularly in Book ii., on "The Physiology of Plants." The circulation of the sap, five times as forcible in the vessels of the vine as in the crural artery of the horse; the production of this fluid, in the case of the birch, in a quantity equalling in one spring the whole weight of the tree; the proof of the vital origin of this action; the respiration of plants through the leaves, their transpiration, the phenomena of secretion, growth, sleep, sensation, locomotion, and finally, the nuptials of plants, are treated in a happy manner.

We should be glad to see more volumes of this kind, and to think that they were well received by the public. The binding of this is showy, but not untasteful. The type and paper would render the perusal, even of the rule in Shelley's case, a gratifying lubrication, and the whole would adorn any drawing-room table, if that is the desired pinnacle.

PAPAL POLITENESS almost verges on the Chinese style. In his recent letter "to his holy daughter, Isabella II., Queen of Spain," the

Pope invites her to attend, with her "very happy husband" and "holy children," the Œumenical Council.

From The Saturday Review, Jan. 15.
THE POPE AND THE OPPOSITION.

AMIDST the profound secrecy in which the court of Rome attempts to shroud all the proceedings of the Vatican Council, actually extending now to a prohibition of the publication of the names of the speakers, it is not easy to follow the exact course of events. Two facts, however, stand out with sufficient prominence. On the one hand, the Opposition is evidently growing in numbers, and organizing a consistent policy of resistance to the encroachments of the Curia. It is now reckoned at something between 200 Bishops and a third of the whole body, including several Cardinals; while it seems that barely 100 Bishops out of 750 can be induced to sign a petition in favour of the infallibilist dogma. Dr. Manning indeed is said to be going about in Rome telling everybody that "its ranks are daily melting like snow in the glance of Pio Nono." But there is so large a poetical element in all the Archbishop's statements on ecclesiastical matters, past or present, that we may safely assume his convictions on the subject to have been arrived at by "the high *à priori* road." The warning said to have been given by the Archbishop of Paris to Cardinal de Luca, that, if any attempt were made to carry the new dogma by acclamation, he would at once leave Rome with many of his brethren, and protest against the validity of the Council, rests on far stronger grounds of internal probability, and is in strict accordance with the antecedents and known line of that able and resolute prelate. As to the vigorous assault on the eighteen propositions before the Council by the Archbishop of Bosnia and Sirmio, Strossmeyer, and the disgrace which Cardinal de Luca has incurred by not at once silencing him, there seems to be no room for any doubt. And there is as little dispute as to his attack having been followed up by several subsequent speakers. These and many similar facts which have been mentioned give decisive evidence of the determined attitude of the Opposition. And it would seem to have been considerably strengthened, as was natural, by the violent and arbitrary nature of the endeavours made to suppress it. For the second point, which has been revealing itself more and more unmistakably, is the increasing irritation of the Papalist party, and the desperate attempts it is making to recover lost ground, and to carry out, by foul means if not by fair, the programme originally traced out by the *Civiltà Cattolica*, which, if not abandoned, has already been seriously impeded by the action of opposing forces.

According to that highly-accredited organ of the Papacy it was declared, our readers may recollect, to be the hope of all good Catholics that the Council would be a very short one, lasting in fact about three weeks, and that the Bishops would be too unanimous on the important points for any effective opposition to manifest itself; the points referred to being the Syllabus, the corporal Assumption of the Virgin—to which an English Ultramontane journal has since added the Assumption of St. Joseph—and last, but not least, Papal Infallibility. These great dogmas were to be proclaimed "by inspiration of the Holy Ghost," i.e. by an organized *coup d'église*, without any previous discussion. And it was in strict accordance with this plan of campaign that a high dignitary of the Curia assured a distinguished English clergyman at Rome, just before the opening of the Council, that the nonacoustic properties of the selected place of assemblage constituted its special recommendation for the purpose; "we don't want any debating."

So far, however, the hopes of the *Papalini* have been cruelly disappointed. They find, in a sense they had not reckoned on, that "the beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water," and that, in seeking to give to the last new batch of pontifical *crendenda*, and to the dogma of Pontifical infallibility, the prestige of a Conciliar sanction, they have called into operation a machinery beyond their power to manipulate. The spirits, indeed, did come from the vasty deep obedient to the Papal summons, but with all the arts of Roman drill they cannot be brought simply to echo, without helping to shape, "the whispers of the throne." Pius IX., who really believes in his own infallibility, and the little clique of "Curialists," who are anxious to make the rest of the world at least profess to believe it, are of course disappointed and angry. And even "celestial souls" will sometimes show their anger. Only so can we account, if the reiterated report be true, for the extraordinary stretch of arbitrary authority—extraordinary even for Rome, and for Rome under Pius IX.—by which he is said to have forbidden any unofficial meetings of bishops, even in private houses, and expressly to have prohibited the board of nine bishops—three French, three German, and three English, including some of the most distinguished names of the Catholic hierarchy—appointed by the Opposition as their representatives, to meet at all. The forcible suppression of Bishop Maret's book, while Dr. Manning's audacious Pastoral is being circulated in all languages by

the Roman Government, is an example of the same kind of policy. A still more conspicuous outrage on justice, if not on liberty of action, is reported within the last few days. It seems that the Bull *Apostolica Sedis*—the practical reproduction of the *In Cœna Domini*—is being published among the Acts of the Vatican Council, though none of the assembled Fathers had even heard of it till after its publication in a Papal journal at Florence. This is much as if a Royal Proclamation were to be inserted among the Acts of Parliament of the Session during which it was issued. One more report, which has been largely circulated and not contradicted, deserves to be put on record, because, if true, it exhibits perhaps more startlingly than anything else the desperate resolve of the Court of Rome to press its points against all remonstrance, whether of friend or foe. It is stated that while Archbishop Strossmeyer was denouncing the policy of the Jesuits, Beckx, the General of the Order, was seen sitting with a placid smile on his countenance, and that after the meeting was over he replied to the indignant complaint of a zealous Papalist against the speaker, "What he said was perfectly true. I knew what would come of the line taken by the *Civiltà* and tried to moderate it, but I was overruled." Now the Jesuit General is the absolute ruler of a community rigidly organized on the most stringent system of military despotism. If he was overruled, one authority only could overrule him, and that is the authority of the Pope. If this story is true, there could be no clearer proof of the determination of Pio Nono, who seems to be labouring under a chronic malady of infallibility on the brain, to carry through at all hazards the dogmas which he has come to identify with the future of Catholic Christianity, in spite even of the deprecation of the more cautious among his own immediate and most trusted counsellors. To observers from the outside, and especially to Protestants, such a design, in the present age of the world and condition of human thought, will look almost like sheer insanity. It may be worth while, therefore, to examine briefly the opposite points of view from which the question presents itself to the two rival parties in the Roman Catholic Church.

There can be no doubt that, to a large class of minds, and precisely the class which of late years the emissaries of Rome have chiefly aimed at attracting, the doctrine of Papal infallibility has a peculiar charm. It has been well designated as "a soft cushion" for the wearied or perplexed to

rest upon. It is so consoling to have all the most difficult problems in heaven and earth which wear the heart or vex the brain settled promptly and finally by an authority always at hand, and whose infallible response can at any moment be obtained through the machinery of the telegraph or the Post Office. To remind such anxious questioners of the old doctrine of the infallibility of the Church is no satisfaction to their desires. The Church is too vast in its extent and too slow in its action to meet the urgency of these restless spirits, impatient alike of doubt and of the labour of attempting to conquer it. There are so many important points that they would like to have cleared up which the Church has most unaccountably left open, and so much variety of opinion, and so many rival schools of thought, tolerated within her pale. They want a short and easy method of dealing with all religious questions that interest or perplex them, and also, quite as much, of silencing all who decline to repeat their own particular shibboleths. To take but one instance—eighteen centuries have rolled away, and the Church has defined nothing about the nature or limits of Scriptural inspiration; but it is hardly likely that the Pope, once proclaimed infallible, would be allowed, even if he were willing, to let the doctrine remain undefined for another eighteen years. And what a relief it would be to know for certain whether, *e.g.*, inspiration supersedes or elevates the natural powers of man; whether it is to be extended to the doctrinal and moral contents only of Scripture, and, if so, where precisely the line is to be drawn; or whether, as we have heard an advocate of the literalist theory insist, it is a matter of faith that Tobias's dog wagged its tail. On these and many other points which will readily occur to every one familiar with the subject, an infallible Pope would be able to pronounce peremptorily and at once, when asked for a decision, and—what is no less important—to brand all who demurred to his judgment as heretics, by a sentence from which there could be no appeal. Infallibility and absolute supremacy are indissolubly yoked together. From the Ultramontane point of view all this would be an immense accession of strength to the Church, while, by crushing all intellectual freedom and activity, it would be felt by their opponents as an intolerable burden and a standing menace to the future power, if not to the very existence, of faith among the educated classes. The first proposition on "rationalism" submitted to the Council, and which has elicited such a storm of condemnatory

eloquence from many of its most eminent members, is said to be this — "That the human mind, unassisted by Divine light, is unable to arrive at truth, and therefore that the conclusions drawn from history, science, and experiment, if not in accordance with the dogmas of the Church, are to be rejected and condemned." On this the Bishop of Savannah is reported to have observed that he had studied the exact sciences before he learnt theology, and that he "protested against the doctrines of the Jesuits, which are not those of the Church of Christ," adding that "the Church should not, cannot put science on the Index." Bold words to be uttered in the Council Hall of the Vatican! But this proposition is a fair and by no means extreme sample of the sort of articles that would be coined by wholesale in the Papal mint, if the infallibility of the Pontiff, which means virtually the infallibility of the Jesuits, were once erected into a dogma. It seems to be immediately aimed at the peculiar *bête noir* of Roman Curialists, the historical school of German Catholics, and is in entire harmony with a well-known dictum of Archbishop Manning's in one of his recent publications, that "to appeal to history is both a heresy and a treason." If we try to realize the future position of Liberal — that is of all non-Ultramontane — Catholics in presence of a continually growing series of utterances of this kind solemnly promulgated by a supreme and infallible Pontiff, we may form some conception of the feelings with which they must regard the threatened definition. A contemporary writer states that by the end of the sixteenth century matters had been brought to such a pass in Germany, under Jesuit influence, that Catholics had to abandon study altogether, for neither lexicons nor indexes could be safely used. This condition of things would be not only reproduced, but stereotyped in perpetuity, by the acceptance of Papal infallibility. Neither history, philosophy, jurisprudence, nor theology could be cultivated to any purpose under the restrictions of the Syllabus. Nor is even this the worst. While all intellectual movement within the Church would be reduced to stagnation, and the sympathies of those without hopelessly alienated, a still more terrible danger looms in the background. Popes have often contradicted each other before now, and there is no security against their doing the same in the future. What if a Pope should promulgate heresy? What if he should follow out the precedent set by the dogma of the Immaculate Conception and the proposed definition of the Assumption of the Virgin and St. Jo-

seph — "the Third person of the earthly Trinity," as the *Tablet* calls him — till the line of demarcation between the "earthly" and the heavenly potentates had grown imperceptible, at least to common eyes, and Christianity had come to be confounded with idolatry or fetishism, while its creed was summarized in the satirical formula already sometimes attributed to the more ardent "Marian" divines, "There is no God, and Mary is his mother"? This is of course but the merest outline of the hopes and fears which may be presumed to animate the rival combatants in the great conflict now being fought out, with terribly unequal resources, in the Council Hall of the Vatican. But it may suffice to illustrate the gravity of the issues at stake, and to explain the desperate earnestness of the struggle.

From The Pall Mall Gazette, Jan. 15.
THE COUNCIL AND THE CHURCH.

WHILE Protestants may well afford to view with indifference the preliminary arrangements of the Council of the Vatican, or, at least, are stirred only with the curiosity which attends the expectation of a rare pageant, there can be no doubt that to Catholics of every school they are fraught with vital significance. The glimpses which newspaper correspondents are able to obtain through the screen in St. Peter's, which veils the Holy Father from the vulgar eye, reveal furious dissension already broken out between the parties who are met to proclaim an everlasting unity of faith. It would seem that several sharp debates and some tolerably close divisions have taken place on the mere questions as to the method of procedure and the liberty of discussion. The several leaders are collecting and disciplining their forces, and our familiar institution of the parliamentary "whip" will soon be in full exercise under the shadow of the Capitol. But the combat is joined thus early not out of mere party jealousy, but because the whole policy of the ruling faction forms one progressive whole. The final object is the utter crushing of free thought within the Church; for this end they desire the Syllabus to become an article of absolute faith, and demand the power to supplement it when necessary by a fresh issue *ad hoc* of infallible decrees. The dogmatic assertion of the Pope's perpetual infallibility is the means to this end. In order to secure possession of that engine, they introduce

arrangements of the business of the Council which shall restrict it to the discussion of what the Pope proposes. To silence counter-suggestions they insist on his right to fix regulations, and to nominate committees who shall examine and either sanction for consideration or absolutely prohibit any independent motions. By carrying these rules they expect to secure the basis for the whole structure they desire to raise. And because the Liberal party and the Episcopal party see that this is the case, they combine to resist what they assert to be infractions of the right of the Council and assumptions of authority which the Pope has not yet obtained. They combat the system in its first stages, because they see that if these are won the dogma of Papal Infallibility, with all its consequences, is as good as carried.

Nor let us suppose that this dogma is alone, or chiefly, what is dreaded. Taken abstractly it would add strength and consistency to the position of the Church, and would facilitate the accession of new converts to its creed. To vest in one individual the power of defining the Catholic faith would typify and express more vividly than ever that unity and authority which are the highest claims of the Catholic Church to universal veneration. In its struggles with the outside world, whether of rulers or of controversialists, the Church would be able, with new dignity, to take its stand on the principles which its actual head might lay down to meet new cases, which were never foreseen by ancient councils of fathers. Whoever is drawn to Rome by the tremblings of his own spirit, by the sense of doubt, and by the longing for conviction, would be doubly drawn by the assurance that on all open questions there was one supreme guide, actually living, frequently speaking, who could settle every point beyond cavil with a word. Nearly all the new converts, with Archbishop Manning at their head, are thus, by the constitution of their minds, ardent partisans of the proposed dogma, and what charms them would doubtless charm all of like character who are still outside the fold. But while these are the obvious advantages which commend the dogma to acceptance, there is a terrible danger behind. When the Pope is made infallible, what will he say? The present Pontiff has issued the Syllabus, and pronounced the Virgin's conception immaculate; but what may he do after he is freed from every restraint? What may any other Pope do? What may a half sane Pope do? What might a heretical Pope do? A flood of questions like

these must flow in upon the mind of every reflecting Catholic before he brings himself to declare that the express inspiration of the Holy Ghost has moved every bull in times past, and will move every bull in times to come; before he professes that he will believe and follow implicitly and undoubtedly every word that may have issued or may yet issue from whosoever sits in St. Peter's chair. The past, indeed, is in some parts bad enough to get over, but the future is terrible to anticipate. The Bishop of Orleans himself has explained away the Syllabus to mean nothing; but what if an infallible Pope were to pronounce his explanation entirely wrong, and to require him to recant it and to take the words in their hardest sense? And the mind that conceived the Syllabus is evidently capable of yet stronger denunciations of everything that offends it. It is a fearful corner for rational beings to be driven into, and we must not wonder that those members of the Council who are rational fight as for life against so remorseless a conqueror.

But besides the bishops who are thus wise in their own generation, there is that Liberal party in the Church which resists the dogma for a different reason. All their sympathies are in the direction in which the spirit of the age moves so strongly outside their Church. Its characteristic is impatience of dogmas altogether, as being chains on the truth and prohibitions of free thought. Its tendency is to throw aside the authority which speaks in creeds and separates men by theoretical distinctions, and to seek for unity by making the bond of interpretation more elastic and the exclusive tests less specific or binding. Strange as it may seem to us that a spirit so essentially Protestant should find an echo within the Roman Church, yet it is so. And those who feel this influence recoil from the prospect of the new dogmatic fetters which Papal Infallibility would forge for them. They feel that not only would these be more than they could bear, but that they would set a fatal gulf between their creed and the march of modern intelligence. All the thoughts, all the aspirations, which are just now the strongest motive powers in the world, would be made utterly and obviously irreconcilable with a Church which would speedily come to be built and compacted of the straitest, hardest, most uncompromising theological propositions and the most absolute contradiction to all human reason and its discoveries. The party which we have been speaking of could not remain

in the Church under these conditions. They find the effort hard enough now; it would then become impossible. They struggle, therefore, that they may not be driven forth.

Yet, even as the matter stands, the Church is in extreme difficulties. The Council has been summoned, and it must do something. If at the last moment the Pope and the Jesuits fall back from the programme, it will be a fiasco which cannot but damage the Church. The failure to affirm the Infallibility and the Syllabus will seem to the world the denial of both, and the great objects of Pio Nono's life will be made abortive. A certain amount of ridicule, too, will fall upon a Church which has gathered together a Council from all the ends of the earth with no practical result except the regulation of some trivial ceremonies. And the spectacle of intestine division thus afforded will be a most serious thorn in the spirit to those who demand submission of schismatics on the ground that the true Church knows no parties and admits no quarrels. But, on the other side, the prospect is still more alarming. France and Austria, the sole surviving pillars of the Church, have plainly declared that Papal Infallibility must not trench upon their rights. But can infallibility submit to dictation? The bishops will doubtless profess acceptance if they are beaten; but with what heart can they longer strive for a faith at whose future expositions they tremble?

The Liberal party in the Church will simply be cast out, either at once or in the course of a few years, by the pressure of the intolerable conditions to which their intellect will be subjected. A vast schism, in which the necessity of self-preservation will force governments and people, the press and the universities, science and faith, to resist the decrees of the single mouthpiece of the Church, will sooner or later, be the consequence of the imputing to it divine powers of enunciating truths. There is no doubt, indeed, that the coming dogma is only the logical development of the doctrine on which all ecclesiastical authority is founded. There is no more intrinsic absurdity in pronouncing the Pope alone infallible than in pronouncing the majority of a Council infallible. The inspiration which breathes through the bishops must breathe in a still fuller influence through their spiritual chief. But there are some doctrines which survive and look reasonable so long as they are limited to hypothetical and complicated conditions, and to which logical development to a simple issue is suddenly fatal. And it certainly seems as if Pio Nono, who, during his first years in the Vatican was the instrument of stirring up the national movement in Italy which has since cost him so much, has been in his closing years the occasion of a movement which must either cast discredit on the pretensions of his Church, or involve it in internal confusion of which no man can see the end.

THE late astounding predictions in Europe of high tides and direful earthquakes, if they have not been followed by those phenomena, have affected many countries with great anxiety, inconvenience and loss. At Singapore the prediction of the high tide chiming in with the notions of the Chinese, some 20,000*l.* was expended in building dykes and taking other precautions. All through the republics on the west coast of South America the population fled inland, and business was for a time suspended.

SOMETHING rather awkward for organists is in agitation. Of late they have increased in numbers with the greater demand for church music. They are now in danger of being suppressed by machinery, their organs being played without their presence or assistance. In consequence of the progress of the electrical system it is suggested that with one keyboard and one organist in St. Paul's, wires laid on to the church organs of London would suffice for their performance.

Athenæum.

THE *Athenæum* says that there is, or ought to be, somewhere a book which is almost as well worth inquiring after as the Charlemagne Bible. The mother of Lord Byron collected all the criticisms on her son's "Hours of Idleness." She had the whole bound and interleaved. On the blank leaves so inserted she wrote her own comments on the poet, the poem, and the reviewers.

JERUSALEM in the present day is one of the last places for literary production. An unedited tale from "The Thousand and One Nights" has, however, been printed there this year, with a French translation by M. Charles L. Ganneau. It is the History of the Fisherman Caliph and of the Caliph Haroun al Rashid.

From The Pall Mall Gazette, Jan. 15.
THE WALLS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

IF we are to believe the latest intelligence from the Bosphorus, one more of the great subsisting relics of the grandeur of times and nations gone by is doomed to destruction. The walls of Constantinople are to be demolished, or are already in process of demolition. It seemed to present a pictorial summary of a long tract of history—five or six volumes of Gibbon at least—that grand line of double and triple rampart, with its numerous towers and gates, extending four miles, from the Golden Horn to the Propontis—the “long long walls that stretch from sea to sea,” as Charles Kingsley describes them in one of his most spirited ballads. For a thousand years, from their completion under Theodosius until the capture by the Turks, they had served as a barrier between effeminate wealth within and rapacious barbarism without. For no invader had succeeded in penetrating them. The Latin conquerors arrived by sea. But they were perhaps even more dear to the lover of the picturesque than to the antiquarian. The ancient walls of Rome, venerable as they are, but irregular in outline, often sunk in deep hollows, masked with houses and with gardens so as to be generally invisible until close approach, and nowhere presenting any long and imposing front, were not to compare in point of grandeur of appearance with those of her daughter capital. Shattered with earthquakes, breached by enemies, robbed of material by encroachers, that magnificent range still remained in substance unbroken, with even its towers standing in regular succession. The Turk resembles the Englishman especially in three things: fondness for horses, for young children, and for trees; and he has indulged the latter passion all along the landward face of this ancient fortification. The broad open space, or glacis, which follows its outline—what ride in Europe can equal it?—is fringed on one side by splendid vegetation protruding from the old ditches and ruinous slopes, on the other by the cypress groves of one cemetery after another. All this monument of forgotten story will soon cease to exist. The stones, it is said, are to serve for new erections, and part of the material has been dutifully presented by the Sultan to his mother, to dispose of as she may think proper. Some Oriental Haussmann, or, more probably, some company of ingenious Western adventurers, rejoicing in concessions, will replace it with bran new boulevards and barracks and suburban walks, with their due proportion of *cafés chantants*

and casinos. No question that Constantinople presented a fine field for the modern improver. But, considering the extent of waste or neglected ground within its walls, the lanes of ruinous huts to be demolished, the grand sites to be utilized, one cannot help fancying that its imperial edile might have begun by making clean the inside of the cup and platter, and that there was enough work to occupy him and a successor or two within the walls before they were called on to assail that venerable fabric itself.

But it must be confessed that there is a good deal of allowance to be made for the embarrassing circumstances in which the Commander of the Faithful is placed. Were he really master of his own land he would no doubt follow the customary instincts of his unprogressive race. The monuments of antiquity scattered over his dominions would only excite in him philosophic disdain. His Turkish subjects would not take the trouble to do them any damage, unless when a load of stones was particularly wanted, or when some irregular soldiers fancied using them as targets for their fire. Allowing for such casualties, they would be left to moulder away for some peaceful centuries more. But the unhappy potentate has in truth no will of his own: he is at the mercy of foreign diplomats, upstart Rayahs, who beard him under diplomatic protection, meddling consuls, protected usurers, speculators, traders, and Western intriguers of all kinds. In this matter of antiquities, he is like the old man with his donkey, in the good old fable. If he touches them, the tribe of travellers and antiquaries are down upon him as an obsolete barbarian, who ought to be driven back into the remotest parts of Asia in the name of taste as well as religion. If he leaves them alone, a host of sanitary reformers and administrative reformers and architectural improvers are at hand, ready to insist each on his separate scheme of demolition. Many love these remnants with a passion far exceeding their desire for progress of any kind. Others—not apathetic unbelievers, but bustling Christians—hate them with a kind of abstract sentiment, as if they stood in the way of better things. “The devil take the Turks,” said the *Cavaliere Mustoxidi*, who rejoiced in the title of Royal Archaeologist of Greece, “for not destroying the antiquities of Athens when they had the power.” The improvers, we suppose, have really the best of it. But our own sympathies are rather on the side of the traveller who would enjoy one more solitary ride “from sea to sea,” along the face of those weird ramparts, were it possible,

rather than a drive in some new-fashioned equipage round the Constantinople of the future, brilliant with its endless rows of uniform flat-faced houses in uniform straight streets.

From The Athenæum.
THE DESTRUCTION OF MONUMENTS IN
TURKEY.

SOME discussion is going on as to the misdeeds of our favourite barbarians, the Turks, for whatever they do must be barbarism. It is, however, a strange thing that the scientific men class these Osmanli Turks among their highest Caucasians, and that we do not call their first cousins, the Majyars, barbarians. One of the bad acts of our barbarians is destroying the walls of Constantinople. One day was usually spent by every visitor in going in a caique round the walls, on the Sea of Marmora, to the Seven Towers, and thence, in a carriage, along the land walls; returning by the Edirneh Kapussu, the Adrianople Gate, or by the Sweet Waters of Europe. This was a lady's day, too. There was, and for a short time will be, an historical sight — the triple wall, a remarkable monument of mediæval warfare, in just the same state, and with the same rifts and rents, as when the last Byzantine Emperor fell before Mehemed the Conqueror.

This glorious spectacle is doomed, and will share the fate of the Genoese walls of Galata. These objects, of very great interest to the mere sight-seer, and of great nuisance to the resident, have, to the comfort and satisfaction of the latter, been pulled down; and the famous gate of Galata, on the ascent to Pera, which in the memory of those still living was, at sundown, shut against the Giaour, has luckily perished with the rest. The result is fine wide streets and new houses; and the traveller is deprived of one complaint against the barbarians, for he can drive about in a hackney-coach. The walls of Constantinople are coming down. This is an exceeding source of sorrow to some very few of our countrymen who have been there, and to some very few who were likely to go thither. What now provokes their sorrow even more than the loss of the walls themselves is the loss of the contents of the walls, for many ages unseen to mortal eye, and which can only be revealed by pulling down the walls. As the Greeks and Byzantines, who went before the Turks, and were not barbarians, pulled down old buildings to raise and mend

these walls, it is supposed, there will be found old inscriptions, mutilations of statues, and broken bits of architectural carving.

The unhappy Turks, with utilitarian eyes, propose to use up all available stones, and to keep what is worth preserving in the Museum they have formed, in the Church of St. Irene, in the Seraglio. It contains a remarkable armoury, which, with those of Vienna and Dresden, affords valuable illustrations of mediæval weapons. To these the Turks have added some few objects of interest, found in recent excavations; and many are very grateful to them for having done so.

The Turks, amid their various merciless critics, are in no pleasant position. They thought they had just ground to congratulate themselves that they had advanced so far as to be able to do without internal or external walls, and that they should get equal credit with the Austrians for throwing down the walls of their capital, and replacing it with a Ring Strasse. Those walls of Vienna were historic, and were besieged by the Turks, but have fallen. We ourselves and the people of Paris can ill become complainants; our walls are gone, and the little bits of London Wall from time to time brought to light are destroyed, whether found to be Roman or mediæval. A bastion remains in Cripplegate Churchyard, which nobody can see and few know of, and there is no provision or law for the safeguard of this and two other bits of wall.

Our barbarians are further indicted for pulling down the walls of Assos. This, it must be allowed, is a dire offence, for these are very ancient remains. They began their outrages by pulling down a large white ruin, which some ingenious European had baptized as the Palace of Priam, though there is not the least reason for believing that Priam had anything to do with it. The stones were carried to Constantinople. This act of rascality remained undiscovered for years, until some other stray European wandered to that remote district, and could not find the Palace of Priam. The Turks are now removing the ancient walls of Assos, and this will be a serious loss to the two or three Europeans who may go thither by chance in a twelvemonth; so that they will be forced to spend half a day or a day in visiting some other ruin instead.

It may be said that the Turks take these remonstrances about their barbarism with rather a bad grace, the more especially as they claim credit for their practical compliance with Western civilization. So far as pulling down and destroying ruins are concerned, the Turks have had less to do with

this than any other people, while the Greeks have always been at it, and their tormentors are conspicuous criminals. The destruction which has lately taken place at Ephesus has been committed chiefly by the English. The aqueducts and other remains were pulled down for the railway, and the inscriptions obliterated or buried. One may still be seen built into a railway bridge. The great theatre and other monuments are now a mass of bats and fragments under the auspices of the British Museum. The tumuli of Tantalus have been ravaged by a very eminent archaeologist, M. Texier, and he destroyed the Temple of Minerva at Magnesia ad Mæandrum.

The destruction of buildings, or rather the using up of old building materials, has been going on in Asia for some three thousand years, and perhaps more. A stone once squared has always a utilitarian designation, and the catastrophes of earthquakes and fires lead the people to have little regard for monumental stones, and to turn every available material to account. Thus there are stones, which have figured in many various capacities. Worked up for a Persian Palace, they have been stuck into the inclosure of a Greek temple,—from this transplanted on emergency to the fortifications,—chosen to build up a Christian church,—taken away to repair the walls against a Gothic, a Saracenic, or a Genoese invader,—figuring in a Genoese factory or fortress,—selected by the Seljuks or the Osmanlis for the pillar of an aqueduct. Tumbling down, they are put as a tomb over the grave of some traveller or pilgrim, used as a boundary-mark for land, or worked up in a peasant's chimney. The worst fate is to be burnt in a kiln for lime. This is the doom of marble, from which sandstone is exempt. Greek, Turk

or Frank is no more to be withheld from doing what his predecessors have done, than is the inhabitant of Italy or Greece.

It is well that this constant service of civilization should be performed by the products of civilization; and it is a consolation, even among ruins, to learn the lesson that culture is never altogether lost. In an aqueduct still at work after some thousand years, we identify a stone carved under dynasties the history of which is no longer known; and as we look round on the cities that are ruined and the plains that are waste, we cherish the hope that the time is yet to come when life and labour shall again flourish.

With regard to the preservation of any inscriptions and remains, which have real interest or value, this duty lies rather with the European residents, and it may be said that very little interest is shown by them. In Constantinople and Smyrna, to say nothing of other places, notwithstanding frequent attempts by sojourning scholars, there are no archaeological institutions. A plan which was countenanced by Sir Henry Bulwer about seven years ago fell stillborn. The only care shown by residents is to get hold of objects which can be sold to our museums and collectors, and this as a matter of course produces no favourable impression on the Osmanlis as to our disinterested regard for the records of antiquity. Some Pashas go into this line of business, and have turned a penny in coins, gems and statues.

Those travellers who are interested in seeing ruins will do well to visit Turkey soon, for progress threatens most of these, and a journey in a safe and healthy country, easy of access, brings such sights among other rewards.

HYDE CLARKE.

TRAVELLERS, for or from, Italy, who care to annotate their "Handbook," may write against the Hotel di Roma, in Rome, that its landlord, or proprietor, is no less a person than Cardinal Antonelli. Comparing great things with small, this "*fact*," as Miss Edgeworth used to emphatically say, may remind one of the old Welsh parsons who used to keep alehouses.

Athenæum.

THE LATE MR. PEABODY AND THE "HOPE OF ISRAEL."—The Rev. J. C. M'Ausland, rector of Cronmore, near Drogheda, has received

from the executors of Mr. Peabody, intimation of his having bequeathed him a sum of £2,000 (less legacy duty and law expenses), in consideration of the "pleasure," as he was pleased to express it, with which he had perused a treatise of his on the Jewish subject entitled "The Hope of Israel."

SEVENTEEN thousand copies of the Poet Laureate's new work was subscribed for at his new publishers' trade sale. Retail publishers are said to have filed orders for thirty thousand copies.